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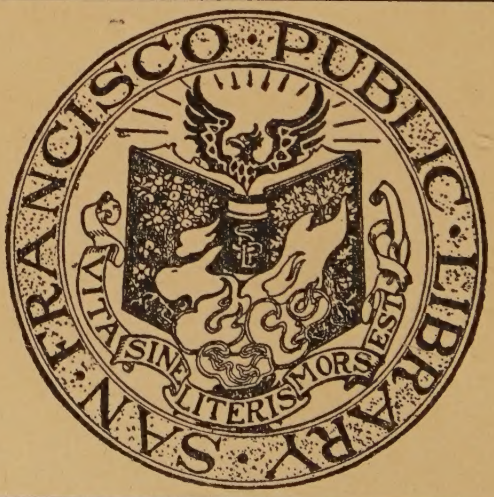

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SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

The Old Church Tells Her Story

Being the Pageant, the Anniversary Addresses, and the Historical Papers of the 225th Anniversary

Edited by the Pastor of the Church the Reverend Oliver Huckel, S.T.D.

A FREE LOAN

And printed in 1930 for the Second Congregational Church in Greenwich, Connecticut, founded *Anno Domini 1705*

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This book, authorized by the 225th Anniversary Committee, and edited by the Pastor, was printed by our oldest publishing house in Greenwich, the press of the "News and Graphic," and completed in October, 1930. The edition is limited to 500 copies, numbered and autographed. This copy is number 287

Oliver Huckel *Pastor*

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A WORD OF APPRECIATION

BY THE PASTOR

I want to express my deep appreciation of the wonderful co-operation of the men and women of this church in the work of this 225th Anniversary, and especially in the presentation of the historical Pageant. It was a large undertaking in all its details of episodes, characters, costumes, actings and rehearsals. But it went through without a hitch and made a deep impression. All seemed to feel that it was well worth doing and that it gave us a realistic presentation of our church history in a way which nothing else could have done. We saw the simplicity and the grandeur of it. And there was manifest a deep desire worthily to honor the spirit of the old church and the memories of the generations of the past. To one and all of the participants in the Pageant and to all who co-operated in any way in the Anniversary our fullest appreciation and deepest gratitude are given. They put service above self, as it should be in church work and everywhere.

The Pageant is placed first in this volume because it gives the name "The Old Church Tells Her Story" to the whole record of the Anniversary week. It seems also a very human and picturesque opening.

The Addresses and Historical Articles are valuable and inspiring parts of this volume, and will be read carefully by all who love this church and its work. They make a noble record.

It is hoped that this chronicle will be welcome in every home in the parish and will be treasured as a memorial of the past and an inspiration for the future.

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PORTRAIT OF THE PASTOR
REV. OLIVER HUCKEL, S. T. D.

The Pageant

THE OLD CHURCH TELLS HER STORY

Twelve Episodes with Musical Interludes

All the events portrayed in this pageant are strictly historical, found in town histories, church records and personal letters of the time, and have been written and dramatized for this 225th anniversary by the pastor, Rev. Oliver Huckel, S. T. D.

PROLOGUE FOR THE PAGEANT

SPOKEN BY THE PASTOR

It is interesting to give this religious Pageant, "The Old Church Tells Her Story," here in this church building and on this actual spot and amid these surroundings where the very scenes were enacted and so much of our history is chronicled.

Like some old miracle or mystery play of the olden times, such as were often given in the ancient churches of Europe we are presenting this dramatic story of two hundred and twenty-five years. We are endeavoring to preserve the old-time simplicity and reverence. It is not a secular pageant,—a spectacle or an exhibition,—it is a religious pageant, quiet, simple, profoundly spiritual. And in this way, we hope you will receive it,—without applause and without hilarity, but in the spirit of sympathy, appreciation and gratitude for the men and women of

the past and their problems and achievements. May we remind you all that this historical pageant portrays, as it were, a cross section of the primitive, apostolic church of the New Testament, as presented in this new world of New England in this period of two hundred and twenty-five years. It begins among the fishermen, the farmer folk, the potters and the weavers of this cloistered community; it also gathered into its ranks many merchants, lawyers, bankers and manufacturers in what has become the most beautiful suburb of the world-city of New York. It comprises in the life of this one congregation through two hundred and twenty-five years, some of the most eventful and fruitful years in American history, if not in world history, in the development of religious liberty and social ideals. These years compass the great spiritual awakening in New England under Whitefield and Wesley, and Whitefield himself visits this church. It comprises the period of the French and Indian Wars, and the American Revolution for civil independence, and Washington and Lafayette both visited here. It chronicles in its own life the beginnings of Sunday Schools and foreign missions in America; it covers the time of the Civil War and the World War. In all these it has its part and its roll-call of heroes, and in all these epochs, it has retained its simplicity of faith and worship as a primitive New Testament church.

This period also comprises the development from the tallow dip to the electric light, and from the ox cart to the automobile and aeroplane. It saw the invention of the steam-engine, steam-boat and railroad. It saw the beginning of the cotton-gin, and the industrial revolution through our country, and the emancipation of the slaves of the South. It saw the opening of the great West. This church and town sent out pioneers to Colorado, California, Texas, Oregon and Hawaii. It sent its own teach-

ers to the South and to Turkey, Japan, and China. It had its captains in the Indian trade and around the Cape and brought back relics from distant lands. We remember that Greenwich sent Dr. DeForest to Japan, Professor Lewis Hodous to China, and some of the famous Dole family to Hawaii.

The older families of this church bought their land directly from the Indians and still have the Indian deeds. Some of its later families represent many colleges and universities and many of our people have given themselves as missionaries to help schools, churches, hospitals and medical education in all parts of the world. One of this congregation gave twelve million to tuberculosis research to help rid the world of that scurge. Columbia, Yale and Amherts have been recipients of generous benefactions from members of our congregation.

Altogether here in this one congregation, as in a mirror, you will see the reflection of the whole world for two hundred and twenty-five wonderful years. It is a microcosm of the great cosmos outside and around it. All human passions,—comedy, and tragedy,—and in them all a simplicity, a tolerance, a large hospitality that makes this congregation a true church of the living God.

It has had its great prophets such as Dr. Isaac Lewis and Dr. George A. Gordon. Its essayist and editors such as Hamilton W. Mabie; its great educators and reformers such as Dr. Linsley, president of Marietta College and Dr. Josiah Strong who wrote "Our Country" and "The New Era;" its picturesque story-writers, such as Adirondack Murray; and its great philanthropists such as Solomon Mead and Elizabeth Milbank Anderson; but the rank and file of its people have been plain people, sturdy New England stock who were the salt of the earth, and believed mightily in honesty, industry, and patriotism, expressed in the simple gospel of brotherliness

in the following of the Lord Christ. Such through these years has been this primitive New Testament Church with its national and world-wide interests which we portray in the successive episodes of this Pageant.

TITLES OF EPISODES

1. The Parson's Grist Mill—1705
2. A Meeting for Worship—1708
3. The Great Awakening—1740
4. General Washington Pauses and Remarks—1781
5. The Deacon Moulds His Clay—1790
6. Parson Mann and Elizabeth Stillson—1829
7. The Old Minister Looks Backward—1836
8. Building the Great Stone Church—1856
9. An Old Time Wedding—1858
10. The Academy Declares a Holiday—1861
11. Parson Gordon Meets a Great Temptation—1883
12. The Old Bell Cracks for Joy—1918

EPISODE 1

THE PARSON'S GRIST MILL—1705

Scenery—The interior of an old parsonage, perhaps on Parsonage Road, fireplace, andirons, warming pan, churns, spinning wheel.

The parson, Rev. Joseph Morgan, his wife and eight children, after supper.

The children play a game or two, and are then put to bed. The fire glows. The wife comes back.

PARSON MORGAN—"Wife, we do trust in God and try to be patient. But I don't see how we can save anything for a rainy day. They have been paying me for preaching at the meeting house in old Greenwich sixty pounds a year and fire wood. That for the first year, and they made it sixty-five pounds the second year. But they have not made it any greater now that I am preaching at this new west parish of Horse-Neck. I have to keep a cow, a pig, and chickens, and I have to keep a horse to drive to meeting across the Mianus River every Sabbath."

WIFE SAYS—"And I have to have a new gown every year or so, and the children have to have their woolens, and we have to feed ten hungry mouths, including us old folks, and we all have pretty good appetites."

PARSON MORGAN—"Besides this I want to send my two boys to college. The girls will do well enough at the district school. Now this grist mill that the town has allow-

ed me to build on Strickland Brook, like the one at Dumpling Pond, will be just the thing to eke out our slender income and to provide a little for a rainy day when we get old, or when some of us get sick."

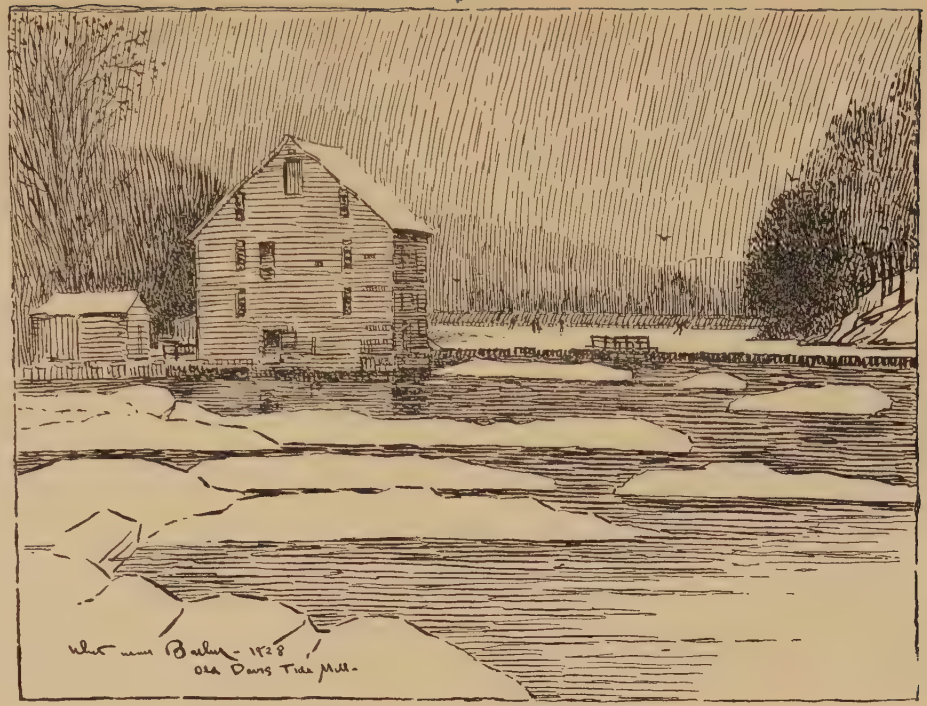
Wife Says—"We don't want to come on the town for sickness, or go to the poor house in our last years."

(A knock is heard at the door. Wife opens the door and bows, as three deacons dressed in black enter. They are Ebenezer Mead, Josiah Knapp, Caleb Knapp. The parson greets them).

First Deacon Says—"Parson Morgan, we have come to see you about the grist mill that you are running in Cos Cob on Strickland Brook. You have been preaching at the meeting house in old Greenwich for four years now, and you are also preaching for us at Horse-Neck. We have more people living at Horse-Neck here than at old Greenwich and this church west of the Mianus needs more of your time now than you are giving it. We wonder how you can serve two churches and a grist mill too."

Second Deacon—"Parson Morgan, some of our members, in fact eleven of them, have signed a protest which I hold in my hand, saying, 'We do vote that Parson Morgan settle at one or tuther place, old Greenwich or Horse-Neck, and also decide whether he shall be settled in the Parsonage amongst us or shall be settled up at the mill on Strickland Brook. Let him make up his judgment to do one thing or tuther, and we will be content.' This is signed by Jonathan Hobby, Benjamin Close, Henry Ritch, Jonathan Reynolds, Gershom Lockwood, James Ferris, Isaac Howe, Jonathan Finch, and others, all good men and true."

Third Deacon—"So we three have come to say that you should provide yourself with a miller, and leave the mill



THE PARSON'S GRIST MILL IN 1705

and betake yourself to the work of the ministry here in Horse-Neck or else relinquish the parsonage house and lot and the glebe of thirty acres of farm land, and we must look out and provide another minister."

PARSON—"All very good my friends, but you see I must live,—provide for ten mouths and a rainy day. These sixty-five pounds a year and fire wood that the Town allows me do not go very far. To be sure I can raise some vegetables on the Glebe acres by hard work, but I haven't much time for that. The grist mill is much more to my like. That ekes out my income in a much more satisfactory way. They pay before they get the grain. So many want their corn ground these days."

MRS. MORGAN—"We were given the right a year ago to build this tide mill on Strickland Brook and to have the use of the stream for that purpose .We have ground well for the people of Greenwich."

PARSON MORGAN—"Gentlemen, the Town also told me that I could live up at the mill for six months at a time if I liked, and still continue in the work of the ministry. This I have done, with a lad to tend the mill when I was away. I thought also I was doing my duty well enough by you people of Horse-Neck. I am very fond of the grist mill. I like to see the great wheels go round and hear the music of the grinding, and the flow and trickle of the water on the wheel. Often I think out my sermons, sort of grind them out perhaps, as the wheels work away. The Bible tells us a lot about grain, and the sower and the seed, and about the time when the sound of the grinding is low. Yes, lots of sermons hang about the old mill."

FIRST DEACON—"That may be true, Parson Morgan, but we think the mill takes too much of your time. We think

you ought to hire a real miller to tend the mill and not try to do it all yourself."

PARSON—"Well now one of my own boys also helps me at times after school. And look here. Don't you think both of you groups of church people worry a little too much. Old Greenwich is continually wanting me there; and Horse-Neck is wanting more of me there. I am ground between the upper and the nether millstones to use a saying about my mill. As a matter of fact I feel sometimes that I ought to depart the town for there seems no likelihood of a unity of worship here. But I stay on. Sometimes I think the only refuge I have is to escape from the wrangling of you all and find quiet in the smooth grinding of my grist mill. That music soothes my soul."

SECOND DEACON—"That's well enough, Parson Morgan, but you do too much, and you work too hard. Some think you are not as fresh on Sabbath mornings as you ought to be, and some even aver that your tones are becoming monotonous like the tones of the mill."

THIRD DEACON—"See here Parson. We will pay you more at Horse-Neck, raise the taxes double, if you will only agree to let the mill alone and give us all your time. We will give you four score pounds in provision-pay and thirty more acres of Glebe land just as good as Grime's farm on the east side of the Mianus if you will promise to give yourself entirely to the work of the ministry right here."

PARSON—"Well if you promise me all that and if you will promise to make up the extra that I am getting out of the grist mill at Strickland Brook I think I will accept your offer. What do you say, wife?"

WIFE—"Well, I think it would be all right. 'Tis a healthy place to bring up the children. And we find plenty for us to do."

PARSON—"Yes, there is surely enough for us both to do. Gentlemen, I think I will decide this way. I will stop grinding corn, and will devote myself wholeheartedly to the Parish at Horse-Neck. And yet I love the old mill with the winding road leading to it and the wayside well near by, and the moss climbing over the granite boulders. Yes, I love the grist mill. There I grind the staff of life and in the church I try to provide the spiritual bread. But I will give up the mill. Yes, I will give up the mill. Thank you my friends for coming to see me. Won't you sit down and try some of Good-wife Morgan's raspberry cordial and a bit of election cake?

Don't you think Governor Jonathan Trumbull will be elected again this fall?" (They sit down and talk and eat).

EPISODE 2

A MEETING FOR WORSHIP—1708

Scenery—Interior of the ancient meeting house—pulpit in center—wooden benches—old costumes—at one side choir with violins and cello—leader with tuning fork—tithing man with long rod. People gather, bringing in lanterns and foot-stoves. (Conversation before meeting).

First Woman—"It is good to get here a little early on Sabbath day, so as to greet one another. How is Aunt Keziah's rheumatism, Esther?"

Second Woman—"Some better. We have been rubbing with goose grease and garlic."

First Woman—"How are the children's colds, Esther?"

Second Woman—"We are still dosing them with calomel and ipecac. Little Jane has to have camomile and senna tea for her complaint."

Third Speaker—"I hear that Jerusha Hobby, she that was born in Banksville, is bespoken by Jonathan Cowles. First I heard it was Zopher Peck's gal, but that was denied. Well they are both likely enough. He is surely one of the marrying kind."

First Man—"The church clerk told me that we were to have a distinguished visitor today. But he would not say who it was. I wonder why. He also told me that some severe cases of discipline were to be dealt with today in meeting. I do wish that our members would behave them-

selves better. Some of them grieve the church exceedingly, by their unseemly conduct. I hope the minister will deal with them firmly but justly today. See here comes the minister, our beloved Parson Morgan, and his distinguished visitor. They are walking through the church yard. We had better get to our places."

(People gradually seat themselves.

While they are taking their places,—conversation aside).

First Man Says—"I see our Magistrate is here today in his place."

Another Man Says—"Yes, and our three deacons in their deacon's Sabbath blacks."

Another Says—"See, the singers are all assembling, with their leader. He can line out the hymns with considerable spirit, and nearly always strikes the note with his tuning fork."

Another—"And our tithing man is always on hand with his long rod. He wakes the sleepers and keeps the unruly boys in order."

Another—"I like it when the drummer stands at the door and calls us to the Lord's house. They say that some churches have bells to summon the people. I like the drum better. We pay him four pounds a year."

Another—"Don't you think we have a better attendance since we enforced the fine of five shillings for every absence?"

Another—"Yes, I reckon so. I am glad to see these few friendly Indians who work on the farms, and these West Indies negroes who were slaves, before their owners here bought them and freed them."

ANOTHER—"Stop your whispering and gossiping."

(The minister comes in bringing President Abraham Pierson, the first president of Yale College.

The minister in gown and tippets—the Yale president in gown, tippets, college hood, white wig, and spectacles.)

MINISTER—"Shall we now begin the worship of the Almighty. I will read as our sacred Scripture lesson from the Gospel according to St. Matthew, chapter sixth, verses nineteen to twenty-fourth.

(Reads, and after it a very old anthem is sung).

MINISTER—"Before preaching the sermon, I want to introduce the Rev. Abraham Pierson, D. D., the first President of Yale College. He was formerly a minister in our first church at Greenwich, and later at Killingworth, Conn., when Yale College was first established at Saybrook nearby. He comes to say a few words to us on a matter of great moment, and will also stay and worship with us, preaching the word for us at our afternoon session. We welcome him as a faithful minister of God and a learned scholar in the education of youth."

PRESIDENT PIERSON—"My good friends, I am glad to be amongst you once more. Many of you I know well from my former ministry among you, and for many of you I thank God upon every rememberance. I pray for the prosperity of this church of God, both pastor and people. There are no other churches here in this town but these two. Upon your shoulders therefore rests a great responsibility for the religious interests of the town. I have it upon my heart that you should pray most earnestly also for the state of religion at Yale College. Many of our students are lax in spiritual fervor and belief, and some are gay in life and too much addicted to spirituous liquors. We want to raise up a generation of men of God, and

faithful teachers of God's word, and leaders of the people in all walks of life. Therefore I ask most earnestly for your interest and prayers for our young students at Yale. And I also want you to send to me any choice young men among your numbers who may be fitted for the higher education that we offer. May the Lord raise up among your families some ministers of the Gospel of Christ."

Parson Morgan—"Let us take heed to the exhortations of our brother, and let us also remember our duties to those at home, and to recover and reinstate any of our own flock who have gone astray. Three or four cases are to come up for discipline at this time. In this procedure, we follow the apostolic command—'Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another that ye may be healed.' I will ask those under discipline to stand as their names are called." (He reads a list of names.)

"First Case—Hepzibah Ferris, do you now confess in penitence and deep contrition that you have harbored angry thoughts against Samanthy Peck, and do you sorrow with genuine sorrow for your sin, and ask God's forgiveness before this congregation?"

H. Ferris—"I do."

Minister—"Hepzibah Ferris, on your public confession of your sin we now reinstate you in membership in the church."

"Second Case—Elnathan Lockwood, you have been accused of giving light weight in sugar and flour to your fellow member, Eliphalet Peck. Do you confess your fault in public and ask God's forgiviness?"

E. Lockwood—"Yes, I am guilty. I confess my sin and ask forgiviness of Eliphalet Peck and of God. But let me say my head was confused that day by some special

THE SECOND MEETING HOUSE
ERECTED 1732

troubles, and I used the wrong weight on the scales. That same afternoon I was confused again, and I gave another customer twice the weight he ought to have had."

MINISTER—"Eliphalet Lockwood, you are forgiven and reinstated."

"THIRD CASE—Solomon Holly, you are accused of kissing your wife too frequently and too publicly on the highway on the Holy Sabbath. The deacons hold your case under advisement until you give good and sufficient reasons for your unseemly conduct."

S. HOLLY—"Parson, I cannot explain. She looked so pretty and bewitching. So I just kissed her again and again."

MINISTER—"Solomon Holly, we understand. Excused and reinstated."

"FOURTH CASE—Ezekiel Close, it is reported that you asserted, and that you commonly and repeatedly contended, in the hearing of several trustworthy members, that you were not willing to be damned for the glory of God, and further, that you said Hell-fire was not actual fire and brimstone. What have you to say?"

EZEKIEL CLOSE—"Well, the accusation is true. These are my downright convictions, and I challenge any man to say that this Bible must be interpreted literally word for word. Did not our good Pilgrim pastor, Rev. John Robinson say to the Mayflower Pilgrims—'God hath yet more light to break forth from his holy word?' I hold to my rights as a follower of the Pilgrim faith, and I will not be put down by any narrow theology and by any literal interpretation of the Scripture. I stand by my conscience whatever comes."

PARSON MORGAN—"Well said, my brother, and I agree with you. I was only trying your faith. The accusations

came against you, and I wanted them brought out into the light. This church stands for civil and religious liberty. Unto Christ and Christ only we stand or fall. Ezekiel Close, you are reinstated."

"Now brethren and sisters let us all rise and sing another ancient psalm, No. 16, from the Bay Psalm Book, and then the long prayer will be made for the people, and the morning exposition of the Word, after which President Pierson will pronounce the apostolic benediction."

(Hymn is played—Old Hundred).

EPISODE 3

THE GREAT AWAKENING—1740

Scenery—The exterior of the ancient church, with Post Road in front and trees around—four white columns and a broad door and a little belfry. The bell is ringing,—two or three persons before the church with costumes of the period.

One Says—"What's all the ringing of the bell for, and this is only Wednesday? No fire anywhere to be put out, is there,—or no Indian attack?"

Another—"Nothing of that. The only fire to be put out is the fire of sin. And the only attack to be repulsed is the attack of Satan, but he is worse than Indians. Haven't you heard? The great Evangelist from England is coming today at noon,—the Rev. George Whitefield who is stirring up all New England as he has old England."

Another—"They say that he is the mightiest orator ever heard. His voice and face are angelic, and so clear are his words that he can be heard for a mile away."

Another—"Yes, and also they say the wise Benjamin Franklin goes to hear him in Philadelphia. He emptied the philosopher's pockets of all his copper and silver and every gold piece when he asked for a contribution. He must be very persuasive."

(Others are coming and joining in the talk as the bell continues to ring).

One Says—"This is something unheard of,—to call us from our work and from the fields right in the middle of the day."

Another—"Well, you can eat your dinner anytime, but you can only hear George Whitefield when he comes."

Another—"I hear that many of the Boston churches will not listen to him, and some churches at New Haven refuse to hear him."

Another—"So much the worse for them. They are cold and dead. They need him as much as any do."

Another—"They tell me that wherever he goes and preaches, he rebukes sin so sternly, and so exposes hypocrisies that people fall down before him, and become as dead."

Deacon Jonas Mead—"These converts were generally sound, steadfast, and consistent. But some of them would lie, apparently insensible, for hours together in these trances and when revived would say that they had been to Heaven and had seen the book of life and whose names were in it. Many crowd around to learn whether their names were there."

Deacon Silas Mead—"I heard some who related their experiences and Dr. Bellamy exclaimed—'Away with all your experiences. Let me see a holy life.' And so say I."

Another—"They tell me men's hearts seem to be smitten by the voice of God."

One Exclaims—"See, the people coming from all directions! They have dropped their spades and hoes and scythes and rakes and just come along. There comes a man on his horse, with his wife holding on behind him. I guess they are galloping for fear of being late. Down the Post

Road they come in droves. You can see the cloud of dust as the people come in wagons and carts, and listen to the sound of the horses' feet.See here comes a rider with his horse all of a lather and foaming with sweat. And look they are coming over the Mianus River, and there are the fishermen coming in boats across the harbor yonder. See the weavers from Clacken Street.

(The bell keeps ringing and the crowd gathers outside the church).

One Says—"I hear Stamford wouldn't let him preach there."

Another—"Well, I am glad our Parson Abraham Todd is of a different sort. He is eager to have God's work come to his people. Do you know that the Stamford authorities not only refused to have him preach there, but they were so anxious to have him out of Connecticut that they went with him, and set him across the Byram River. But when our minister heard of it he rode to the Byram River, and persuaded him to come back, and to preach here in Horse-Neck. I think that shows a pretty broad and hospitable spirit in this church and its minister, Parson Todd. He is greatly interested in George Whitefield the evangelist and longs for a real awakening all through New England."

Another—"It is almost noon. Here they come, our parson and the great evangelist. I thought that George Whitefield was an older man. He doesn't look more than twenty-five, and so slim and slender. They say God is with him everywhere. And what a sweet solemnity sits on his brow. He seems clothed with the authority of the Most High."

Parson Todd—"My people, I have called you together in this way, in the midst of the week, and at midday,

that we might listen to one whom God has blessed most markedly in the preaching of the Word. All New England is having a spiritual awakening under him. Let us go with him into the meeting house and pray that the Lord may awaken us also as he preaches to us the everlasting Gospel."

Rev. George Whitefield—"Good friends, I come as a messenger of the Lord. I come to rebuke all indifference and immorality. I come to call the frivolous to submission. I come to tell you to stop drinking, to cease profanity and foul language, and give up lounging at the taverns. I call you to higher standards of honesty in business, less gossip and criticism among neighbors, and to a new life,—a happy and victorious life—in the assurance and peace of the Lord Jesus Christ. I come to call you to a new repentance, and to proclaim the everlasting mercy of our God. Let us go into the meeting house and get on our knees in humility and contrition."

(The minister and the great evangelist pass in through the meeting house door and the people follow).

One Says—"Surely he is like one of the old apostles."

(As the door closes, from within comes the sound of an appealing hymn,—one of Charles Wesley's "Jesus Lover of My Soul.")

EPISODE 4

GENERAL WASHINGTON PAUSES AND REMARKS—1781

Scenery—The Post Road and the green in front of the meeting house—a group in old fashioned costumes gathers in front of the meeting house.

ONE SAYS—"What time do you think the General will arrive?"

ANOTHER—"I think he is due about eleven."

ANOTHER—"Will he be riding on horse back or in a coach?"

ANOTHER—"I think he always rides on horseback, on a white horse. And his escort will be on horseback. But probably some of the party will be in an elegant coach."

ANOTHER—"What a wonderful man Washington is! What a pleasure it will be to see him. I hope he will stop and talk with us for a little while."

ANOTHER—"I think you will hear the horns of the coach as they come riding up the hill before they get to Weed's Tavern."

ANOTHER—"I say, it's a great day for Horse-Neck when General Washington comes riding through. I hope he will like the view here from the meeting house. This is a wonderful October day. See how brightly the sun shines on the water! It's like a sea of glass mingled with fire that

the Parson preaches about when he takes the text from the Book of Revelation. And see how rich the meadows are with their fruit trees and harvest."

TOWN CRIER—"The General is coming! The General is coming!"

ANOTHER—"Listen, don't you hear the horns? I can almost hear the sound of the horses' hoofs as they gallop up the Post Road.

(A pause and the sound of horns is heard).

TOWN CRIER—"The General is coming!"

ONE SAYS—"See, the General is dismounting, at the tavern, and his friends are dismounting and getting out of the post coach. Here they come walking and talking. They seem to be enjoying the scenery from this hill top."

ALL—"Hurrah! Hurrah! Welcome to General Washington! Hurrah! Hurrah! Welcome to General Washington!"

(The General enters—he and his friends are in the full continental uniform. Little girl gives him bouquet of flowers.

The Selectmen greet him.)

GENERAL—"What a beautiful day it is, my friends, and what a fine country you have here, with these fertile farms on the borders of the sea. I do not know when I have seen such an admirable view. What rich and bountiful harvests there seem to be, and such comfortable homesteads, and what expanse of water! The splendor of the prospect from this ancient meeting house here at Horse-Neck is certainly a rich regalia for mind and heart. You should be very happy here in such fair surroundings. What is the large island yonder?"

ONE SAYS—"That is called Captain's Island. Some say it is named after Captain Kidd, for here they tell he buried some of his treasure."

GENERAL—"And what is that land far beyond?"

ONE SAYS—"That is the shore of Long Island with its ancient settlements of Huntington and its harbor not far off, Oyster Bay."

GENERAL—"And what is this nearer point running out into the Sound?"

ONE SAYS—"That is Elizabeth Neck and Old Greenwich where our town was first settled."

GENERAL—"It is all very beautiful. (Turns to one of his officers). I like these old white New England meeting houses. They remind me of the Christopher Wren churches in London. Of course we have our beautiful little parish churches in Virginia at Jamestown where the English settlers came in 1607, and at Alexandria, Va., where I usually worship, or at Pohick parish which is somewhat nearer to my home at Mount Vernon, but these white New England meeting houses on their hills all through this sturdy northern country are symbols of the integrity and stability of these New England people. A little severe, perhaps, but so honest and dependable. Well, we must get back to the Weed Tavern to our horses and then to Stamford and to Fairfield yonder, where I am to spend the night. The horses have been watered. And so on this happy journey to Boston. Good day, my friends. And God bless you all."

ALL—"God bless you, General Washington! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

EPISODE 5

THE DEACON MOULDS HIS CLAY—1790

Scenery—Interior of an old pottery with potter's wheel—many jars and pots on shelves and tables with a glimpse of Sound through the window.

Boy—"Why do they always call you Deacon Potter, Grandpa? That isn't your name. Father told me that your full name was Captain Abraham Mead, and that you won your title by fighting Indians in the French and Indian wars."

Grandpa—"No, no, my child, not me. My father and grandfather had some skirmishes with the pesky Pequots. Did you ever hear of the battle of Strickland Plains, near Cos Cob? That was before my day, but I have heard my father tell about it. The Dutch and the English were under Captain Underhill. They came from New Amsterdam, and in the early morning surprised the Indians in their wigwams, shot all they could, and set fire to their villages. They got rid of seven hundred Indians that day and about cleared our region of them."

Boy—"Grandpa, was that right?"

Grandpa—"Well, I guess not, my child. But what were the white people to do? They were in constant fear of these redskins who were very suspicious and tricky. And often would begin to massacre our people, as they did Mrs. Anne Hutchinson of Boston who went through Greenwich on her way to New Amsterdam. Our homes

were never safe,—our wives and children were at their mercy. We decided that the only good Indians were dead Indians. But I guess it wasn't quite right."

Boy—"But you did fight somebody, or something, Grandpa?"

Grandpa—"Yes, I had to fight a little bit. It was the British I had to fight. They kept me in the war, what is called the American Revolution, from start to finish, here in Greenwich and in New York, and Long Island. I guess I did smell a bit of smoke and powder and did some fighting. But the big work was done by General Washington and General Israel Putnam. I was the eleventh son in the family of Deacon Ebenezer Mead and we had one sister. I was glad enough when the war was over to get back to that dear sister, and I went back to my pottery on the west side of the Harbor with joy in my heart."

Boy—"Grandpa, tell me how you became a potter. I think I'd like to work in clay and make things."

Grandpa—"Well, child, that's a long story. But I can tell you a little. When I was a boy, not much bigger than you, I was apprenticed to a Dutchman who came here from New Amsterdam to make pots and jars for the farmers. He had a wheel and a kiln, and could paint his clay very nicely and put on a good glaze as he burnt it. But he never would tell me how. That was his secret. But some boys have bright eyes and I kept mine open. I saw him take the salt before burning and the other mixture. One Saturday he sailed down the Sound to New Amsterdam to sell pottery and get clay and I fired up the ovens, put in some of the pots that I had made on the wheel, and when the heat was right I salted them with the mixture. Just as I was finishing I heard him come home. He saw the smoke from the kiln and he burst into the pottery, and looked at me,—and then he looked at my

pots and their glazing, and exclaimed—'He's done it, he's got it!' From that day I was a real potter, and he gave me wages."

Boy—"Grandpa, tell me about paying the church debt. Father says you did that."

Grandpa—"Well, that was easy enough. Your father makes too much of it. It was this way. Those cruel British in the days of the Revolutionary War took every thing that they could lay their hands on, and left the people of Greenwich poor. About all they had then was the naked land. They burned some of our church records leaving a big gap there. And our people were very poor. And our church became in debt. I think it was thirty pounds behind. I was a deacon and I loved the church dearly. You see the old church was standing, but homes had to be rebuilt and nobody had any money. We had only a few members left. The debt of thirty pounds on the church seemed hopeless. But the few sturdy souls met and voted that Ebenezer Mead and Ebenezer Knapp and myself should be empowered and directed to take up that obligation and try to gather funds to pay it. We couldn't see any money anywhere, but there was plenty of clay. So the idea struck me how it could be done. I worked day and night and made an extra lot of my best pottery and in a month had a big stock on hand. Then I loaded my sloop and sailed east and on both sides of the Sound I sold it. Three trips and my stock was all gone. And the next Sabbath I came to meeting and paid the debt. It would have done you good to see the surprise and the rejoicing of the people."

Boy—"And, Grandpa, tell me about building the church."

Grandpa—"Well, I didn't build any church. I just helped a little. This was in 1799—the third meeting house in

PARSON MANN AND ELIZABETH STILLSON

Horse-Neck. One Sabbath the old church was shaken by the wind and the rain was leaking through the roof. I could stand it no longer, so on that stormy Sabbath as I came out I said—'A new church must be built, and shall be, if it takes every dollar I possess to do it.' So we set to work to build a new meeting house. We were all doing what we could,—some bringing stone, some timber, some digging foundations, some giving days work in the carpentry. But they didn't get along very well and they got discouraged and thought they would give it up and leave it unfinished for a year or two. But somehow I didn't like that, and stood up and said again, 'I stand by what I said before,—this meeting house must be built if it takes every dollar I've got.' Would you believe it those words seem to encourage them a lot. They went at it again. Everybody got busy. Some people gave as much as before, and in a jiffy, we had the church under roof and finished up. But it was everybody who did it.

BOY—"Father says that showed your spirit."

GRANDPA—"O, nonsense! I'm only a potter moulding my clay, just as the Bible says, 'God is the potter and we are the clay.' I often think about that. What different kinds of pots He makes. But He has use for us all. So you want to be a potter, do you? It's sort of a dirty business, —hard on your hands and your clothes. But I've loved it all my life."

EPISODE 6

PARSON MANN AND ELIZABETH STILLSON

Scenery—A room in the old Parsonage,—antique chairs and table, some silhouettes and samplers hanging on the walls.

A housekeeper in old fashioned dress comes in—and says —"Well, well, I wonder what has detained Parson Mann. He is usually so punctual. And this afternoon at four, he has an appointment here with that bright young school-teacher Elizabeth Stillson. I think everything is in order in this old parsonage. I certainly do try my best to keep it clean and well dusted and I have been housekeeping here for some time."

She straightens a few things, dusts others and looks out the window. "Ah, here the parson comes and a nice man he is too."

Parson comes in arrayed in long cloak, broad brimmed hat, and carrying an old-fashioned umbrella and a large Bible, and says—

"Good afternoon to you Clarissa Waterbury, I am a few minutes late. I had to stop at the church and get this pulpit Bible. It needs a little repairing of some of the leaves." As he speaks a knock is heard and a young lady enters.

She is dressed in quaint old costume of the period; she curtsies, and he speaks—

PARSON MANN—"Well, well, my dear Miss Elizabeth Stillson, I understand you have come here to consult me about a new society that you have in mind. I have already heard rumors that you are saying that we ought to do something more for others than we do."

MISS STILLSON—"Yes, Parson Mann, and I got the idea from your sermon two weeks ago as you preached the gospel of Christ."

PARSON MANN—"Yes, yes of course we ought to help others, but the question is—Ought we to multiply agencies in the church. You know that the American Board of Foreign Missions was established in 1812 and our ladies formed a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society for our own church in 1815 which is still flourishing. We now give an annual collection toward that worthy cause. Our Sunday School was begun in 1817 by Miss Sarah Lewis of blessed memory. This was only a few years after Robert Raikes established the first Sunday School in the world. We already have an interest in the American Board work in the Sunday School and we have our missionary concert one Sunday evening every month. Perhaps these agencies are enough."

MISS STILLSON—"But, Pastor, that is not doing Home Missionary work for our own country. Oughtn't we to do some of that?"

PARSON MANN—"Miss Stillson, do not go too fast. This church of ours was organized here in Greenwich in 1705, and our first church here in 1670. Don't you suppose that one of our early pastors, such as the Rev. Abraham Pierson, afterward president of Yale College, would have looked out for this if it had been necessary?"

MISS STILLSON—"But, dear Pastor, times change. It is many, many years since he was pastor in Greenwich."

PARSON MANN—"True, but I recall that there was another pastor later who was very wideawake. He was Dr. Isaac Lewis. He was here for 32 years. He was a very learned man. He almost became president of Yale, when the Rev. Timothy Dwight was elected. He never seemed to see the need of this work."

MISS STILLSON—"Yes, Parson Mann, but he was a little old fashioned. A real scholar, so we have always heard, he lived largely in the past, and loved his books. Surely you belong to the present more than he, Parson Mann. You would be in favor of it, wouldn't you?"

PARSON MANN—"Well, Miss Elizabeth, I flatter myself I am fairly up to date. I have been very successful in the ministry and I have achieved much in my previous pastorates. Now I have just come to Greenwich and I have not yet been installed. As you know I came from a former charge in Bristol, R. I., where my predecessor in your pastorate, Rev. Isaac Lewis, Jr., is now my successor in that pulpit. Which of us made the better bargain, I will not say. Of course I want to do whatever I should here, and I want to encourage you in your work for the church. I am in favor of old things in many respects, but it has appeared to me that the wheels which carry us on in the path of duty, need not always run in the ruts that have been worn deeply by those who have gone before us. But tell me a little more definitely about what you propose."

MISS STILLSON—"It seems to me, Parson Mann, that we could have a little society,—a dozen might be enough to begin with—to sew together weekdays and to study ways and means first of all for helping the Indians. John Eliot began the work among the Stockbridge Indians yonder. Oughtn't we to follow up and help in the same good work among the Osage Indians. We owe a duty to the

Indians. Are we now doing anything for them through our church here?"

PARSON MANN—"No. So far we have done nothing in this church for the Indians and we have them around us here in Connecticut. True we have killed a great many of them in Connecticut. Everybody knows about the battle of Strickland Plain, now called Cos Cob, where the colonists under Captain John Underhill killed seven hundred of them. They were Pequots, I think. But as to trying to convert them, in Christ's way, we have not done much. Yes, I do think we ought to help to evangelize the Indians in New England and elsewhere."

MISS STILLSON—"Yes, and I have other things in mind. I am greatly interested in the people of Greece. Not foreigners, not heathen, but good Christians like ourselves. They are fighting for their independence against the rascally Turks. I think all Christian people should assist substantially and it seems to me that our little Society could help also, to collect money to send to Greece to help them win their independence. Every dollar will help. And we can pray for them too. Dollars and prayers will inspire them to fight all the harder."

PARSON MANN—"Miss Stillson, how did this idea of a home missionary society in the church come to you?"

MISS STILLSON—"I suppose because I am a young school teacher. I love history, and I read and teach about these things, and dream about them. But it has been your sermons that have also helped. What you preach in your sermons,—helping others, loving our fellowmen, carrying forward the Kingdom of God—in all that, I think we women ought to take our share."

PARSON MANN—"But, my dear young lady, can you find a dozen women who are interested, like you, in these

things? Can they take the time from their domestic duties? You know the farm work, even for women, is exacting and most of our people are farmer's people and live very, very busy lives."

Miss Stillson—"I have already thought of that, and have a list of names of those who are willing to help. I find that some of the busiest are those most willing. It is always so, isn't it? You find it so in your work, don't you, Parson Mann?"

Parson Mann—"Yes, it is true. But let me hear your list."

Miss Stillson—"Here is the list of those who are willing to begin the work with me, if we may have your approval and blessings."

Ladies come in and he greets them.

Parson Mann—"Well, well. That is a wonderful list. If these are willing to begin and work, then your new society will surely be a success. Go ahead, Miss Stillson, and may God richly bless you all in your work. Who knows what this little group may accomplish in the years to come? It may be going on doing good long after we are all dead and gone. Go ahead, my dear Miss Stillson. Remember that we do not live for the present. We ought to remember, I am sure, the importance of the age in which our lot is cast and also look forward to the future years. May we one and all live for God and Heaven and do all that we can to serve the gospel of Christ. God bless you Miss Stillson and God bless you all, ladies and prosper your work!"

INTERLUDE AT INTERMISSION

SPOKEN BY THE PASTOR

Before the other episodes of this religious pageant of two hundred and twenty-five years are given, allow me to say these words. You have so far glimpsed one hundred and twenty-five years of history in some of its most picturesque events. It is our family album and a part of the town records. These ancient people were much like ourselves and with many of our same problems. They met their tasks and trials bravely, and we shall see more of the same heroic spirit in the later episodes of this pageant.

I think we appreciate keenly their homely qualities of common sense, perseverence, industry, kindliness and a profound faith in God. They builded better than they knew. Such a celebration might well be called "A Loom of the Years," weaving together our checkered history. Or it might be called "A Procession of the Generations." It is such, for many taking part in this pageant represent families of eight generations here in Greenwich. Probably such a pageant as this will bring us into larger sympathy with these experiences of other days. We will feel again the tragedy and triumph of these deep events of human life, of the experiences of those who have communed with the Almighty and have felt Him to be their Father and their Friend.

The poet Browning says "Worship is the stoop of the soul that upraises it too." On this sacred spot where stands this Gothic church with its lofty spire, three other meet-

ing houses dedicated to worship and the higher life have been built through the faith of the fathers during the centuries. The generations have come and gone, worshipping God on this hill-top of Greenwich. The years are full of golden memories, for these people were conscious of the Lord of Hosts leading them, as Old Testament tradition says He led his people by the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. Here another chapter of God's leading has been written among plain people and among plain circumstances. But does it not have something of sincere life in it? Is it not an American epic,—full of hope and prayer, full of contentions and longings, full of triumphs and peace? What is it all but a parable of everyone of our human lives, in its search after that faith and hope and love which leads to God.

Perchance we have smiled over some of these incidents, for humor is a real part of life. At the same time we have surely seen the dignity and worth of many of these sturdy souls. We have seen most of all the spirit of large faith and real progress. May we not see in it, as the chief thing, a prophecy of the forward movement of the whole church of God,—in the simplicity and power of the early church. This growing movement has large tolerance, wide sympathies and a self-sacrificing service, and it is based on the rock of God's truth. Its motto is "In essentials unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things charity." Is not this the spirit of the Divine Master of us all?

EPISODE 7

THE OLD MINISTER LOOKS BACKWARD
1836

Scenery—The ancient parsonage garden with rose trellis, hedges, trees and a bench. A group of girls enter and dance a little dance as they wait.

The venerable minister enters. His hair is white. He is tall and slim.

The bevy of young girls surround him, making their courtsies.

LEADER—"We hear, Dr. Lewis, you have a ninetieth birthday today. We can't believe it, but we've come here to see if it's true. And if it is, we want you to accept these roses and our best wishes. Is it true?"

DR. LEWIS—"Well, the entry on the fly leaf of the Bible says so. But I can scarcely believe it myself."

LEADER—"Dr. Lewis, we hope you will live to be a hundred years old and have your good health and strength always. You seem ninety years young, not old. We know your heart is just as young as it ever was. Isn't it?"

DR. LEWIS—"My dear young ladies, you are as beautiful and lovely to me as the flowers that you bring. I know you all well, I love you as if you were my own children. I know your fathers and your mothers, and I married them, and have baptized you. Will you allow me, as your venerable pastor,—ninety years has its special privileges,—to wish you each the Lord's richest blessing

and all happiness. Thank you a thousand times for these beautiful flowers."

LEADER—"Dr. Lewis, won't you tell us a little about your long life and how it all seems to you after these ninety years.?"

DR. LEWIS—"Well, I think life grows sweeter and sweeter, with the passing years. I cannot do as much work or walk as fast, or climb hills so easily. But I can still think as clearly, and I can read now without spectacles. I think my second sight has come. I can still write letters with a good steady hand. I work in my gardens as often as I can. Dr. Darius Mead don't have to dose me very often. I go to church regularly and sit in the pew and listen where I used to preach. I wonder where the preacher gets so much to say, and how I ever could have done it year in and year out."

ONE GIRL SAYS—"Dr. Lewis, how long were you the pastor here?"

DR. LEWIS—"Thirty-two years as minister in this one parish. But one of my predecessors, Rev. Abraham Todd, was pastor here for forty years. Think of that. And altho I retired I have lived here with this church, already fifty years."

(And now a company of young men come in and bow to Dr. Lewis, smiling).

DR. LEWIS—"Ah, here come some of our stalwart young men. Perhaps they are coming after you young ladies. Where the honey is, you know, there come the bees."

LEADER—"Dr. Lewis, we have come to greet you on your wonderful birthday and to bring you as a birthday gift this latest book 'Hymns and Psalms,' by Dr. Isaac Watts. You have been a good friend to us all as you were to our fathers and mothers and we all love you."

THE PARSONAGE IN 1832

DR. LEWIS—"Young men, I am proud of you all. I know every one of you. You have been scholars at our Academy and have done well. And some of you will go to Yale College, where I myself went for my education and in which I am greatly interested."

LEADER—"Dr. Lewis, we hear that once on a time you almost became president of Yale."

DR. LEWIS—"Well, well, that is all past. But it was true. The trustees came to see me and asked me to stand for that very responsible office. And so great was my interest in education and young men that I consented. But my good friend Timothy Dwight received just one more vote in the election. So the responsibility came to him and I stayed in Greenwich."

ONE BOY SAYS—"You seem to have the secret of never growing old, Dr. Lewis."

DR. LEWIS—"O, yes, I do grow old, altho I am not often conscious of it. I resigned as pastor when I was seventy-two, but the people remonstrated and asked me to keep on preaching, but I said 'I know now that I am an old man and ought to retire, but if I go on a few years longer I may perhaps first doubt and then deny it."

ONE ASKS—"Dr. Lewis, did you always have evening meetings?"

DR. LEWIS—"No, I remember when they wouldn't have any evening meetings in the church. They thought they were inventions of the devil. All sorts of wickedness, they thought, would result if people came out at night, under cover of darkness. But we learned better after a while."

ANOTHER ASKS—"When did they have the first stove in the church?"

DR. LEWIS—"Not until 1818. I remember what a violent protest there was at the suggestion of putting a stove into

the meeting house. Some thought it would cause much confusion from those moving round to fill their foot stoves, or others to warm their feet. Others predicted that it would set fire to the church itself. Many were very uncomfortable the first Sunday it was installed. They said it made the air suffocating. Some fainted. They learned afterward it had not yet been lighted."

One Says—"We all go to this Academy,—do you remember when the Academy began?"

Dr. Lewis—"Yes I remember when the Academy was first founded. In fact, we founded it. That was in 1827, if I recall it correctly. We were determined to give our children the best education possible. The ministers for many years were its first principals and teachers."

One Says—"We hear they used to sing wonderfully in the old days."

Dr. Lewis—"Yes the old Bay Psalm Book was the favorite book and they sang lustily, I must say. They held singing school in the Academy. Those were great days,—some of the sisters sang like angels, and the brothers, they rumbled and rattled way down to the bassest of the bass,—just like saw-mills."

Leader—"Dr. Lewis you have seen many changes in ninety years. What is the greatest?"

Dr. Lewis—"Well, I have seen the coming of steamboats and railroads and the cotton gin,—all marvellous inventions. But I think the progress in temperance has been the greatest change. When I was young, Yale College was a bad place for young men if they liked liquor. Even ministers took their toddy. Meeting houses were built and rum served. Slave ships from Boston and New Bedford carried rum and Bibles to Africa and brought back slaves. It was a bad state of affairs."

LEADER—"When did the great change come?"

DR. LEWIS—"It began in a mighty wave all over New England. I remember a big temperance meeting in our old church in 1829. Temperance was a new subject then. But an important one. We had a stirring address by old Lyman Beecher of Litchfield, and the pledge was laid on the table. I felt it was the right thing and as soon as I saw that pledge there, I came forward with my staff in my hand and said, 'I have lived to see a great many ways tried to suppress intemperance, but I think at last we have found a remedy in this pledge." So I signed it, and nearly every one in the meeting house followed. Young people, I hope you will sign the pledge, and leave the accursed cup alone. I would say this to you if these were to be my last words."

LEADER—"We must not keep you, Dr. Lewis. Others will be coming to greet you."

DR. LEWIS—"But I do thank you young people for coming. It is bright Maytime coming to greet old December. So I sometimes think of my life in these days. White with the snow of years, but into my soul has entered a great peace. Do you understand, my dear young people? I do love these roses that you have brought me and this beautiful book filled with the newest religious poetry. Both will do me good. I do hope that you young people will get as much happiness out of life as I have had. Won't you dance again that little dance that you were giving when I came into the garden."

They dance. He looks on smiling. As they finish, he says: "Goodbye, and God bless you every one!" As the young people withdraw, he stands quietly musing:

"Ninety years! I hope my life has meant something to these, and to this community!"

EPISODE 8

BUILDING THE GREAT STONE CHURCH
1856

Scenery—The interior of an old fashioned house of the fifty period—fireplace—portrait of Washington—and some hunting pieces.

(A conference of the men and women of the church concerning a new meeting house. A dozen men are present. Women come in later.

A table in the centre, and chairs. Men come in, and seat themselves informally.

DR. LINSLEY—"Gentlemen, you are the committee appointed to decide this matter of the new church,—whether it shall be built in the old style that we have always had,—a plain white meeting house of wood, or whether we shall build a stone church, a Gothic structure, with a lofty spire, as has been proposed by some. Let me see whether this committee has a full quorum present. (Looks them over). Yes, this is a good representation. Let us discuss the matter informally before coming to a vote. Will you speak first, Robert Mead."

ROBERT W. MEAD—"Well, I want to say at the start that we have always had plain wooden meeting houses here in Greenwich. This one where we now worship is the third meeting house on this spot. But our people are increasing in numbers and wealth, and we have outgrown it and must build another new church."

One Says—"Let's build the present one bigger. Put a new end to it and make it longer. Or build an ell on one side."

R. W. Mead—"Why not build a handsomer church. I've been to Boston and to New York, and I see churches that are wonderful,—stone churches with great spires, —churches that are real temples of God. And I went and consulted a young architect, Leopold Eidlitz, who helped to build Trinity Church in New York, and St. Georges and the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, and he has drawn out his idea of a church for Greenwich, and has made drawings of it for us. Here they are."

(He presents drawings, and they rise and gather round the table to look at them).

One Says—"I'm agin it."

Philander Button Says—"Perhaps I am to blame for this, for I have been encouraging Robert Mead from the very start. We talked the matter over, and I felt that instead of building another wooden church every fifty or seventy years, why not build a solid stone church to last through the centuries. I like a Gothic church. The Gothic arches remind me of the arching trees of the forest that were God's first temples. I told him about this young Gothic architect from Prague and suggested that he get plans. Yes, I aided and abetted him, and I am willing to stand by him.

One Says—"Is'nt that too fine for a farming community like ours?"

Robert Mead—"We are not always going to be a farming village. It is a beautiful and wholesome country here. And many good people from New York are coming out here to live. We are bound to grow as a town. We must keep up with the times."

ONE SAYS AGAIN—"I'm agin it."

ANOTHER—"But what do we want with such a tall steeple? We have never needed it, nor had it in former days."

ONE SAYS EVEN MORE EMPHATICALLY—"I'm agin it."

ROBERT MEAD SAYS—"I should like to have here the handsomest spire in New England, and if you build by this model you will have it forever."

ANOTHER—"But all this will cost too much. We are not a wealthy people."

ROBERT MEAD ASSERTS—"We have enough. We are prosperous farmers. This will be a monument of our faith. Nothing is too good for the house of God."

ONE ASKS—"What do you think, Dr. Linsley? You have been around and seen other places and churches. You have had large experience as pastor of the South Church in Hartford, and of Park Street Church in Boston, as well as president of Marietta College in Ohio. And you have been our pastor for eight years now. What do you think is the wisest thing for us to do? We want your views."

DR. LINSLEY—"Gentlemen, I would rather you decide the matter for yourselves, and not allow my opinion to influence you too much. You and your children are to worship here,—I will soon pass on. You are to pay for the new structure, and you know what you can afford to give. We have been considering this matter for several years, and now it must be finally voted. I have looked carefully at both sides, but my best judgment goes with the views of Robert Mead and Philander Button. Our position in this town and on this beautiful hilltop warrants a commanding structure of permanent strength, our material prosperity in these days seems to allow it, and I

sincerely think that such a glorious temple as we have in view would honor God and be attended by His blessing. But your thirty-four votes are to decide, gentlemen."

An Objector Says Very Angrily—"I'm agin it. I'll leave the church if you are going to build a stone meetin'-house."

Another Says—"This great stone church with a lofty stone spire such as you are advocating would cost fully fifty thousand dollars."

Robert Mead Says—"It can be built for thirty thousand."

Col. Thomas Mead—"I don't believe it can be built for that sum. If it is, it will be skimped somewhere. I want it done right, and the foundations so strong and solid that they will not have to be replaced in fifty years or so, and the columns and beams so robust that they will not have to be re-enforced after a while. I want to see it built right. It can't be built for thirty thousand. It will cost fifty thousand to make a first class job of it."

Another Objects—"Who would take a contract for such a low price? Any man would lose money."

Robert Mead Asserts—"I say it can be built for thirty thousand. I would be willing to take the contract myself."

Another Says—"Let him do it then. He is not a contractor or a builder. But he is a man of his word. Let him take the contract."

Robert Mead Answers Earnestly—"I will gentlemen, and I will build it, altho it cost me twice that money from my own pocket."

Another Asserts—"It will sure enough cost him a pretty penny."

Sanford Mead Says—"Well, if you're going to do it I want to help, and I would like my son Alexander to haul

the first load of timber and the first load of stone from the quarries, with my oxen and let me help to dig the basement and the foundation too."

PHILANDER BUTTON CALLS OUT—"I'll give five thousand dollars."

ANOTHER SAYS—"I will double that amount."

ROBERT MEAD SAYS—"You can each have a share. We want to pledge the thirty thousand before we begin to build. No debts on the house of the Lord! I will pledge ten thousand for myself."

Ladies come in, bringing baskets of doughnuts and bright red apples.

ONE SAYS—"We want to bring you some refreshments after a long evening, and we want to know how things are going. We are all interested in the new church." (Men show them the plans).

ONE SAYS—"Robert Mead, if ever this great stone church is built, it will be a monument to your faith and courage. No one but you had the vision and could put it through. It will be as it was said of Christopher Wren at St. Paul's—'If you would see his monument, look around you.' "

ROBERT MEAD SAYS—"Nonsense, gentlemen. It will be a monument only to our faith in God. You will each have your share. You will all be proud of it in days to come. Our children and our children's children will remember us gratefully and will worship God with the same faith and courage that we have. God bless you all, gentlemen, and let us work together with one mind. Does not the Bible itself say—'The glory of the latter house shall exceed the former.' We are only fulfilling prophecy, you see."

EPISODE 9

AN OLD TIME WEDDING—1858

Scenery—Outside the new stone meeting house, at the spire door—as at present.

People gather and stand and talk—It is Dec. 21.

ONE SAYS—"This is the first wedding in the new church, and it will be a fine one, I hear."

ANOTHER—"Yes, it ought to be. The groom is a mighty well-to-do farmer, and ought to have a fine wedding. This is his second venture. He will make it finer than the first. They always do."

ANOTHER—"Well, the bride is all right. She will be a beautiful bride, young and pretty and stately. She is twelve years younger than he is, and very dressy."

ANOTHER—"How is she to be dressed?"

ANOTHER—"Well, the one who helped make the wedding dress told me all about it. It will be heavy white satin with orange blossoms. The neck is cut low with short sleeves. The bodice is to have tufts of white tulle caught up with orange blossoms. The skirt is to be very full, with soft folds of satin. Altogether I reckon it's the prettiest gown ever seen in this place."

ANOTHER—"I hear she is to wear a veil."

ANOTHER—"There are going to be four bridesmaids, I've been told. Some almost as pretty as the bride."

THE PARSONAGE DOOR IN 1832

ANOTHER—"Yes, and four groomsmen. I know them all, and they will stand up all right."

ANOTHER—"I hear that good Dr. Linsley, our minister, is to read the old Boston marriage service which is mostly Scotch. No 'Church of England service' in this Pilgrim Church."

ANOTHER—"Someone told me that John White the organist will play that new wedding march by Mendelssohn. It's the first time for this church. John White plays well. I like him as well as Benjamin Russell who used to play our hymns."

ANOTHER—"Look, look. Here come the bridesmaids and the bride and groom!"

ANOTHER—"See, here come the families and the wedding guests!"

(They pass across the stage and in at the spire door. First the flower-girls, then bridesmaids, then groomsmen and then the bride and groom arm in arm, bowing this side and that. They pass in, people following. Group of children of the people left outside. Organ plays "Believe me if all these endearing young charms" as they come in). Small boy sneaks to door, opens it a crack and reports:

"The parson's asking 'em questions and they're a noddin'!"

After a time again he goes and reports—"They're comin' down the aisle again! Now they're married, all right."

Organist plays Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

ONE SAYS—"I think the whole town must have come to this wedding, all in their best bib and tucker."

ANOTHER—"They had a wedding supper last night, I hear,—and a mighty big one. Forty were at table. They

had everything to eat,—scallops, turkeys and all the fixin's, and all kinds of pies and cakes, and the oysters—well,—the biggest that could be got. But that miserable old black Gill,—him that dresses up just by putting a handkerchief in his front pocket,—he was dreadful. He must have 'took' something. He spilled oysters down the backs of two of the bridesmaids."

ANOTHER—"Well, this is the first wedding in the new stone church. I hope it won't be the last. I expect there's a lot wishing their turn may come soon."

(The bride and groom come out of the church, smiling and bowing. Then the bridesmaids and groomsmen come arm in arm. Then the families, the guests and all the people, crossing the stage).

ONE SAYS—"Surprising isn't it, how well our marriages do turn out in Greenwich? So far as I know, there are only two or three unhappy couples in the whole town, and they hold together. We haven't a single divorce, such as they talk about in New York yonder. I wonder if divorces will ever reach this town?"

ONE SAYS—"Blessed be the bride that the sun shines on, and blessed be the bride that the rain rains on!"

(The people shower the bride and groom with flowers. The church bell rings out gaily).

EPISODE 10

THE ACADEMY DECLARES A HOLIDAY

1861

Scenery—showing the old Academy, with the school yard, hedge or fence, and trees. Pupils gathered in the yard, with flowers and flags. Little children give a round dance. Minister, Dr. Linsley, and Principal Philander Button, come through door with old Dr. Darius Mead and Miss Lizetta Peck.

Dr. Darius Mead—"Dear friends, this Academy as you know, is the beloved child of our church. We are proud of it. Here it is now thirty-four years old, and Philander Button, whom we all love, has been with us as its principal for twenty-two years. I am an old man now. You elected me many years ago, among your first trustees along with Joseph Brush and Alvan Mead, and I am happy to be spared to see this day, and to bring my congratulations and good wishes. The Academy today blooms and blossoms as a rose, even beyond our dreams. I want our honored pastor, Dr. Linsley, once president of Marietta College, to say a word on this occasion."

Dr. Linsley—"Friends, I would reiterate what I have often said. The Pilgrim church has always believed in education. When the Pilgrim fathers came they brought their spelling books with their Bibles. They established churches and schools from the start. Harvard and Yale were founded by them. This church yonder, in the same

spirit, felt it must have the best possible education for its children, so it established this Academy. We believe in an intelligent religion. True religion and sound learning go together. They are twin handmaids of God."

Dr. Mead—"Yes, and for the first twelve years of this Academy, the ministers were its principals and teachers, until my son-in-law, Philander Button, came from Yale twenty-two years ago. He wasn't my son-in-law then, but a most promising youth, a master of arts of the college. He fell in love with Greenwich at first view, and also with my daughter, and we all fell in love with him. He has done notable work for the Academy and we deeply appreciate it. He has also been active in town affairs, as a burgess of the town since 1854, and now in these war days he is a member of the military committee to help fill the quota of our town with troops and money to answer President Lincoln's call. We thank you for all of your work Mr. Button.

Mr. Button—"Dr. Mead and Pastor and friends, I am pleased to have your commendation of the Academy. We have a splendid group of pupils, both boys and girls. They will compare well with any town in New England. They have good stock for a background. And we have good teachers,—wonderful teachers. My assistant, Miss Lizetta Peck, is worth her weight in gold. We all appreciate her. She specializes in teaching the smaller children and in the music. Perhaps she will lead the pupils in some exercises or a song for us."

Miss Peck—"Dear friends, I remember hearing that the first year of our Academy Mr. Zaccheus Mead began a singing school in the upper room of the Academy where I now teach the smaller children. Ever since we have had much singing here. But for these sad war days, I

will ask the school to sing that beautiful song just out,— 'Tenting Tonight On the Old Camp Grounds.' "
(They sing).

Mr. Button—"With the permission of the trustees, I have declared a patriotic holiday today for the Academy, for all our hearts are deeply stirred at the great event that is about to happen. Greenwich had a patriotic day when General Israel Putnam made his famous ride. The British surprised him, but he gave them a bigger surprise and his fame remains today as a part of our glory here in Greenwich.
And it was a patriotic day for Greenwich when General Washington stopped here in 1781 on his way from New York to Boston along the Post Road, and spoke with our people, and commended the beauty of our scenery.
And it was a great day—a public holiday— when General Lafayette with his son, George Washington Lafayette, visited Greenwich on August 20th, 1824. He was met by the Connecticut Troop of Horse at Byram Bridge, and at Put's Hill he rode under a great arch of hemlocks and roses, decorated by the fair ladies of the town."

Dr. Mead—"Don't forget that big day in 1848, Mr. Button."

Philander Button—"Yes, I remember that school holiday that I granted in 1848 when the first railroad train passed through Greenwich. That was a most interesting epoch in our history and all the school children and townsfolk were there to see the sight.
But today is a more serious and important time than any. The Nation is threatened. It may be torn asunder. Heavy storm clouds are sweeping over our country. Our President Lincoln has called for volunteers. Patriotism has always burned in the hearts of our people. And today our

first company of volunteers marches away from Greenwich for the front. They are our choice young men, most of them educated at our Academy. And our hearts are deeply stirred as they go forth to the Southland, some of them perhaps never to come back to their loved ones and homes.

So I have declared a holiday, and I am sure that you all want to give these gallant boys a salute of flags and flowers as they go past the Academy today. Here they come now!"

(In the distance the faint sounds of fife and drum, growing gradually louder and louder. A company of twenty young men in Civil War uniforms and with muskets, march past, the flag flying. They sing "Mine eyes have seen the glory." Pupils wave their flags and throw their flowers, as the soldiers pass and the sound of drums and song grows fainter in the distance, and disappears. The Academy pupils sing softly: "In the beauty of the lilies," and wave their hands as long as they can see the departing troops in the distance).

EPISODE 11

PARSON GORDON MEETS A GREAT TEMPTATION—1883

Scenery—An interior of 1883, where are assembled about twenty men of the church to receive a delegation from Boston on an important subject.

First Greenwich Man—"This is an unpleasant business. I wish Boston would leave us alone. But I suppose we must receive this delegation, and talk matters over with them, as they have come."

(Enter two gentlemen of Boston).

First Boston Man—"Good evening, gentlemen. We have come to talk with you about your minister, George A. Gordon. We want him in Boston. You see we come to the point directly and frankly. We think that we have a larger field to offer him, and we ask you to release him if he is willing to come. We have not yet consulted him, —we are speaking to you first,—but we think we have reasons sufficient to persuade him, if we first have your consent. We do not believe in the current practice of stealing a minister off-hand from another church. We try to observe the proprieties and courtesies of the occasion."

Second Greenwich Man—"We appreciate your consideration, and are willing to talk matters over with you, but we cannot consent to let him go without very serious reasons. He fits in well here. He is happy here. And

we are happy with him. It is serious, this disturbing of a harmonious and prosperous parish."

SECOND BOSTON MAN—"We know that. But we have not yet given you our cogent and imperative reasons for this proposed action. The whole city of Boston needs him,—a man of his type and thought and enthusiasm, his sturdy character and persuasive gifts of speech. We have had an eye on him for some years and now that our pulpit is vacant, by the death of Dr. Manning, we have turned instinctively to George Gordon. Our whole church,—the largest and strongest in Boston, needs him. And besides that, Harvard College needs him with its large student body. He was one of its most brilliant students while he was there, and its president, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, would welcome his spiritual co-operation, for he has already indicated this."

FIRST GREENWICH MAN—"These may be good reasons, but possibly there are other men available for you, while he just exactly suits us here, where we have settled him for life if he is willing. He loves his people, and we love him. He is as strong as an ox and we farmers love that. Even the saloon keeper of the town is awed by his prowess. One day he lifted the anvil in the blacksmith shop as no one else could. He drives a fast horse, but we do not object. Often it helps him to reach a sick parishioner even before the doctor. He preaches a broad gospel and we like that."

FIRST BOSTON MAN—"Very good. But we need that broad gospel in Boston, so long as it is vital and true, as we feel George Gordon's gospel is. Do you realize that our thinking in the orthodox churches in Boston is rather more narrow than that in similar churches in Connecticut? Dr. Horace Bushnell has done much for Connecti-

cut. Gordon is in sympathy with Bushnell. He is what we need in Boston."

Second Greenwich Man—"Well, let him decide for himself in this important matter. We took it from your letter that he might be concerned, so we have asked him to be near by for conference. Shall we ask him to come in?" (One goes and brings Mr. Gordon in. All greet him).

First Greenwich Man—"We are debating over you Mr. Gordon. Here is a delegation, two gentlemen from the Old South Church, Boston. They came to consult us, stating that their church most earnestly desires you to become its pastor, and also the whole city and Harvard College needs you. We want you to say for yourself which it shall be, Greenwich or Boston. You know our love for you here, you know your opportunities here for reading, study and a happy life, but you also know well the hard work and responsibilities of Boston. Which shall it be?"

George A. Gordon—"Well, gentlemen, off hand and from my heart, I would say that I will stay here in Greenwich. It is to me an ideal parish, you people of the old New England stock are the salt of the earth. You have been kindness itself to me. I love you all. But Boston offers me the greatest temptation of my life. No other city could possibly make me think twice."

Second Boston Man—"Mr. Gordon, if you will come to the Old South Church in Boston, we will give you the greatest pulpit in Boston in its traditions, probably the greatest in America. We will give you a life work of forty or fifty years, free in thought and amply supported by a loyal people. And besides you will be associated with Phillips Brooks whom we know you admire and

love. You two ministers working together could do great things for Boston and America in religious life and thought."

GEORGE A. GORDON—"Gentlemen, you are touching on many appealing arguments, for I do love Boston and I love Harvard College, but I love Greenwich more. I do love Phillips Brooks and I feel that our generation has never beheld a more Christ-like soul than his. It would be a great joy to work with him. But gentlemen, I must decide for Greenwich. I love you people in Greenwich. For you all I have a great respect and a great affection. I am sure it will last forever. I feel that for the present, my work is right here. I thank you, gentlemen of the Old South Church, Boston, for the honor of your invitation, but I must decline it firmly and absolutely."

EPISODE 12

THE OLD BELL CRACKS FOR JOY—1918

Scenery—A group of women in the social rooms of the church—in Red Cross uniforms—busily sewing and knitting for the war.

Chairman Says—"I wonder when this dreadful war will end? What a nightmare it is. Sometimes I wake up with a cry of horror and cannot believe that this awful war is going on. Thousands of the best young men of every land are being slaughtered."

Another Says—"Yes, and so many cathedrals bombed and ruined, and women and children slain, and whole towns wiped out and billions of money wasted in smoke and carnage!"

Another Says—"We are trying to do our bit, all of us, and carry on, but we may have to do more."

Another Says—"That Hoover dinner at the Y. M. C. A. the other night was great, with Mrs. Herbert Hoover as our guest of honor. How wonderfully has Mr. Hoover done his great work in the war, a Quaker's part in helping others and saving life, by organizing relief for the starving Belgians."

One Says—"Didn't our Mrs. Coulter Huyler preside finely at the meeting? That dinner made us resolve to eat less and save more so as to end the war, and to buy more liberty and victory bonds so as to stop this dreadful slaughter. God grant that it may soon be over."

ANOTHER—"But some say that the end is almost in sight and may be expected any day now. France is bled white and Germany is almost exhausted. Both are eager for President Wilson's intervention. He has written to them on fourteen points."

(A boy enters, followed by others)—"Ladies, did you hear the news? It has just come by wireless. The Armistice has been signed."

ONE WOMAN EXCLAIMS—"Oh, wonderful. What shall we do to celebrate it? Thank God! The war is over."

BOY ASKS—"Can't we ring the great bell in the steeple to tell the good news to the world?"

A LADY SAYS—"Of course, we ought to ring the bell. You boys will do it for us. We can't climb the long stairs up the steeple."

BOY—"Oh, we'll do it all right! Come on boys!" (Exit).

CHAIRMAN—"It seems too good to be true,—that we lived through all these horrors and that now it is over at last. Yes, thank God; the war is ended!"

(Soon is heard the ringing of the bell growing louder and louder and more jubilant).

A LADY SAYS—"That sounds good. I wish we could help ring the bell and that every bell in the world were ringing today."

ANOTHER SAYS—"I guess our gallant American boys at Chateau Thierry and Beaulieu Woods helped to end the war."

(Suddenly the bell sounds cracked and then gradually stops. The boys come down from the spire).

ONE LADY ASKS—"What's the matter, boys? Why did you stop ringing the bell?"

BOY—"The old bell's cracked. It's broke. It's gone on the bum."

CHAIRMAN—"Oh what a shame, what a calamity. But it broke in a good cause, ringing in peace. Here comes some of the men. Let's tell them and see what can be done." (They hold a hasty conference with the men—deacons and others,—who have come in).

SOON A LADY BRINGS THE WORD—"The men say it is all right. One of them says that he will give a new bell, a peace bell, that he hopes will ring a new era of permanent peace. So up it will go into the steeple as a symbol of the gospel of peace."

ANOTHER SAYS—"He will give it in memory of six generations of his ancestors who have served as deacons in this church for more than two hundred years."

CHAIRMAN CONTINUES—"And another gentleman tells us that he will give a bronze memorial tablet to be put in the spire to commemorate all the brave men who have gone over seas or served here in honor of the flag. Thank God, all our brave boys will soon be coming home."

(Other people come in from all sides).

A GENTLEMAN SAYS—"This church of ours sent out some of its best men in those old Revolutionary days, until it was well-nigh depleted. It gave a big and gallant company in the Civil War,—some from nearly every family, and they made most honorable records. And in this World War it has kept up the patriotic tradition. It has a noble list of heroes in this war and six names are starred, for they have given their lives and are sacredly remembered forever. How our hearts thrill as we recall these stirring days of old, but today as it seems to me is as great as any."

(Other people crowd in—men, women, and children, until there is a large company).

THE THIRD MEETING HOUSE
ERECTED 1799

ANOTHER GENTLEMAN SPEAKS—"I do hope and pray that there may never be another war. Surely the new era will come when nations will learn to follow the Prince of Peace, in reason and common sense. Do you not seem already to hear that new bell high up in the beautiful spire, proclaiming peace and good will to all the world."

ANOTHER GENTLEMAN—"What a glorious spire it is, for the peace bell to ring and swing in. I think it is the loveliest stone spire in New England,—stone from top to foundation, solid as the ages and yet light as a flower. The mariners and sailors on the Sound use it as a beacon. They can see it, they say, for thirty or forty miles."

ANOTHER GENTLEMAN REMARKS—"That spire reminds me of the spire on old Salisbury Cathedral in England, and sometimes in the mist or in the moonlight the whole church looms up almost as big as Salisbury."

CHAIRMAN OF LADIES—"Our pastor calls this spire 'a sentinel of God' with its finger pointing heavenward. That spire speaks for our whole church. It calls the whole community to higher things,—duty, religion, patriotism, brotherhood, peace. Surely that is what this church stands for,—kindness, peace, the gospel of God's love and human brotherhood everywhere. Ladies, this meeting is adjourned. Let us sing 'America' before we go,—that first stanza and that wonderful last stanza." (They sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Before, and as they sing, all the performers in the pageant crowd in, until the whole company in their colonial costumes of the Pilgrim, Colonial, Revolutionary and later periods including the Civil War soldier, the Red Cross nurses and the Boy and Girl Scouts make the grand climax, all singing in enthusiastic chorus).

THE SOURCES OF THE EPISODES

The author of this church pageant wishes to state that every scene is historically authentic in its main features,—what he has done is to present it again in its local coloring and often with imaginary conversations where details are lacking. In many cases however even the conversation is taken from contemporary accounts or letters.

All has been portrayed very simply, without elaboration of scene or language, because these early people of Greenwich were plain people.

Any scenes or references that might cause controversy or hard feelings have been omitted, altho there were such at times. He has given what he has felt were the most important episodes and the chief characters in the drama.

Many other excellent people, it is true, come into the recorded history,—some who were the salt of the earth,—but their lives did not furnish the picturesque features for an episode.

The chief chronicles for our early church history are our church records in MSS. now in the care of Wilbur S. Wright, for many years our church clerk, and our present custodian of records. They comprise three bound volumes, a small one whose records begin 1720 and end 1775; a large volume of records, 1775 to 1856; and a third volume comprising various records 1728 to 1814 of distinctively church transactions.

There are also the historical discourses, by the Rev. Joel H. Linsley, D. D., the first delivered in 1858, on the occasion of the last meeting in the old church before moving into the new stone church, and the second delivered in 1866 at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the church.

The earliest history of Greenwich was by Daniel Merritt Mead published in 1857. The outline history of the

church by Miss Julia E. Bell and Mr. Nelson B. Mead were printed in a pamphlet of 1901 in connection with "Services of Dedication." The fuller history of Greenwich is by Spencer P. Mead, published in 1911,—a most valuable collection of data. Judge Hubbard's interesting volume of historical sketches and reminiscences, under title of "Other Days in Greenwich" was printed in 1913.

One is astonished at the wealth of material there is on the life of this one country church in a small New England town. As many more espisodes were available as those used. Only the limits of time prevented their presentation.

In it all is felt the simplicity, the dignity and the worth of those early days. And yet who shall say that they are better than these?

First Episode—"The Parson's Grist Mill—1705"

This story was first told in Daniel M. Mead's History, pp. 81—97, 102—105. Also in Spencer Mead's History, pp 55—57. Also in Judge Hubbard's "Other Days," pp. 299—305. Also, a still earlier and briefer account is given in Miss Bell's historical sketch.

Second Episode—"A Meeting for Worship—1708"

The historical details for this scene are given in Miss Bell's historical sketch. Contemporary letters tell details of the gathering. The cases for discipline are similar to many found on our early church records.

Third Episode—"The Great Awakening—1740"

The story of Rev. Abraham Todd who was pastor here for 40 years, and of the dramatic coming of the great English evangelist, George Whitefield, is first told in the letters of William A. Howe to Miss Bell who relates it in her historical sketch of the church. The words spoken by Whitefield are taken from his own recorded writings.

Fourth Episode—"General Washington Pauses and Remarks—1781"

The source of this historical episode is found in General Washington's Journal, for October 21, 1781. The other remarks ascribed to the General are imaginary, but are what he might naturally use on such an occasion.

Fifth Episode—"The Deacon Moulds His Clay—1790"

This story is referred to in Judge Hubbard's "Other Days," pp. 38, 43; but told more fully in Miss Bell's historical sketches, and in Spencer Mead's history, pp. 153—155. Some items are by tradition, especially in a MSS. belonging to Mr. Augustus I. Mead, the great grandson of Deacon Potter.

Sixth Episode—"Parson Mann and Elizabeth Stillson—1829"

The historical sketch of the Stillson Benevolent Society as printed in 1866, in the 150th anniversary pamphlet, gives some of the facts. Rev. Joel Mann's own reminiscences give other facts. See his address printed in same pamphlet, pp. 86—91. A literary license has been taken with the date, since Miss Stillson passed away in 1824.

Seventh Episode—"The Old Minister Looks Backward —1836"

The facts of Dr. Isaac Lewis' career are given in all the histories of the church and town. He was one of the most learned and best loved ministers of Greenwich. He was pastor for thirty-two years, and after resigning at the age of 72, he lived here many years more until the age of 95. See Hubbard's "Other Days," pp. 244—249; Spencer Mead's history, pp 126, 196, 197, 406, 410. Also, Miss Bell's pamphlet.

Eighth Episode—"Building the Great Stone Church—1856"

The authorities for this sketch are letters of Mr. William A. Howe, the historical sketches written by Miss Bell and Mr. Nelson B. Mead, Judge Hubbard's "Other Days," pp. 100—102, and verbal accounts of survivors of that day.

Ninth Episode—"An Old Time Wedding—1858"

This interesting first wedding in the new church was written after verbal accounts of it had been given the pastor by decendants of the parties married. Much of the conversation is verbally authentic.

Tenth Episode—"The Academy Declares A Holiday—1861"

The facts in this imaginary event may be found in Mrs. Ruth West Campbell's "A Century Passes." Also some details in Spencer Mead's history, pp. 208, 209, 212, 301, 413.

Eleventh Episode—"Parson Gordon Meets A Great Temptation—1883"

Details for this sketch may be found in Judge Hubbard's "Other Days" where he tells of Dr. Gordon's ministry here, pp. 110—112, and in Dr. Gordon's reminiscences in his volume on "My Education and Religion," pp. 214—225.

Twelfth Episode—"The Old Bell Cracks for Joy—1918"

This incident was written from the pastor's memories of the events that occurred. The characters and conversations however did not take place exactly as written but are arranged to give a dramatic unity and climax.

DESCENDANTS ENACTING PARTS

FROM THE GREENWICH PAPERS

Added interest was given the pageant because of the many descendants enacting parts. Whitman Mead Reynolds, who portrayed General Washington, comes of families long residents of Greenwich. His ancestors, both on his father's and mother's sides, have lived here for eight generations. In possession of the family are deeds to their lands signed by the Indian chiefs.

Besides Miss Child and Mr. Ritch being respectively granddaughter and grandson of the original couple married in the present church in 1858, two of the bridesmaids in the episode last night, Miss Agnes Close and Mrs. Leighton Lent, are descendants of the second couple married in the church.

Edward L. Holley, who acted Parson Morgan in "The Parson's Grist Mill," is the grandson of the owner of the original mill. Mrs. Holley, "Good-Wife" Morgan, is a daughter of Solomon Mead, who gave a quarter of a million dollars to the philanthropies of the church in the olden days.

Deacon Potter, the character in "The Deacon Moulds His Clay," was the great-grandfather of Augustus I. Mead, of Field Point Park.

Miss Elizabeth Ferris, who took the part of Elizabeth Stillson, is a granddaughter of Oliver Deliverance Mead, whose ancestors owned all of Field Point Park. Mr. Mead also took part in the pageant.

Charles N. Mead, who took part in the episode, "The Building of the Great Stone Church," is a descendant of six generations of deacons who have served this church for more than 200 years. He also took part in the wedding procession at which he was present as a boy. He gave the present bell, which replaced the one cracked at the time of the Armistice.

The part of the builder of the great stone church, Robert W. Mead, was taken by Frank W. Reynolds, whose ancestors were active in this work from the beginning of Greenwich History.

Mrs. Adeline Husted Rungee in the scene, "The Old Bell Cracks for Joy," is a descendant of the original settlers of Greenwich.

The Colonial Trio of which Mrs. Thurston E. Rupp is leader, furnished the music. The members of the Trio were dressed in old-fashioned costume.

LIST OF THOSE TAKING PART IN THE PAGEANT

EPISODE 1

The Parson's Grist Mill—1705

Characters

Parson Morgan ..... Edward L. Holley
Mrs. Morgan ..... Mrs. Edward L. Holley
First Deacon ..... Walter M. Anderson
Second Deacon ..... Franklin G. Chapin
Third Deacon ..... Ned G. Begle
Other parts by eight children.

EPISODE 2

A Meeting for Worship—1708

Scene—Interior of our ancient Meeting House

Characters

Parson Morgan ..... Edward L. Holley
First President of Yale, Dr. Abraham Pierson .....
Rev. Alfred Grant Walton, D. D.
Hepzibah Ferris ..... Mrs. Franklin Chapin
Elnathan Lockwood ..... Bradford Mix
Solomon Reynolds ..... Everett Mead
Ezekiel Close ..... Carlton Bradley

Other parts by

Miss H. L. Reynolds, Mrs. Bradford Mix
Mrs. Carlton Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Russell S. Reynolds

Choir

Choir Leader (with tuning fork) .... Edwin H. Abrams
Miss Agnes Close, Mrs. Howard Danard and Others
Tithing Man ..... William O. Keeler

EPISODE 3

The Great Awakening—1740

Scene—Exterior of the Ancient Church

Characters

Parson Abraham Todd ..... Rev. Oliver Huckel
Evangelist, George Whitefield .... Rev. Allen Lorimer
Deacon Jonas Mead ..... Harry R. Vought
Bell Ringer ..... Wallace Hill

Other parts by

Mrs. Arthur V. Pillsbury, Miss Agnes Close
Mrs. Robert Bridge, Mrs. Harry Vought and Others

EPISODE 4

General Washington Pauses and Remarks—1781

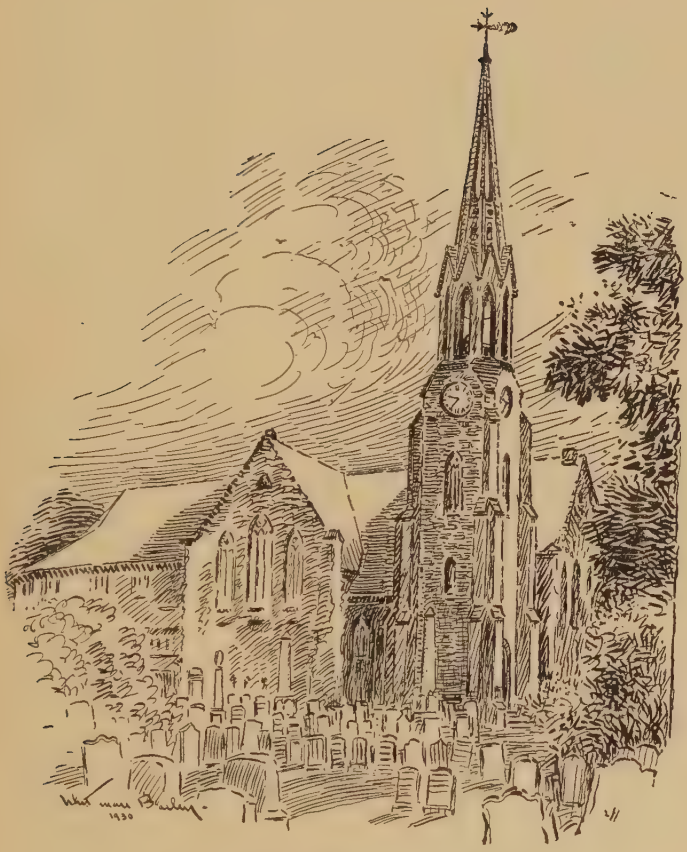
Scene—Exterior of the Ancient Church and the Post Road

Characters

General Washington ..... Whitman M. Reynolds

Officers

Henry R. Frost, Halsey W. Kent, Leonard Holley



THE CHURCH FROM THE GRAVEYARD

Other parts by

ANDREW H. MELVILLE, AMOS H. MEAD, CHARLES DAYTON, HAROLD VOSS

Town Crier ..... WALLACE HILL

Others in costume

MRS. WILLIAM J. FERRIS, MRS. CHARLES CAMERON
MRS. LEONARD HOLLEY, MISS CLARA WRIGHT
MRS. CHARLES DAYTON, MRS. ANDREW H. MELVILLE
MRS. AMOS H. MEAD, MISS MIRIAM HARDY

Children

JOHN DAYTON, EDIE JANE MELVILLE
AND OTHERS

EPISODE 5

The Deacon Moulds His Clay—1790

Scene—Interior of an old pottery at Held's Point

Characters

A Grandfather, Deacon Abraham Mead ..... BURTON S. TANDY

A Grandson of 12 years old ..... HENRY HULL, JR.

EPISODE 6

Parson Mann and Elizabeth Stillson—1829

Scene—Interior of the old Parsonage

Parson Mann ..... REV. OLIVER HUCKEL

Elizabeth Stillson ..... MISS LYDIA M. FERRIS

A Housekeeper ..... MRS. MARTHA STREET

Other parts by

MRS. HERBERT S. LOUNSBURY, MISS AMELIA MEAD
MRS. CHARLES CAMERON, MRS. ROBERT M. WILCOX
MRS. W. B. S. WINANS
and other ladies of the Stillson Society

EPISODE 7

The Old Minister Looks Backward—1836

Scene—The Ancient Parsonage Garden

Characters

Parson Dr. Isaac Lewis ..... Harry W. Montague
Ten young girls led by ..... Miss Martha Vincent
Miss Isabel Ryerson
Twelve young men led by ..... Edward Ryerson
John G. Murray
Dancers ..... Six Academy Girls

EPISODE 8

Building the Great Stone Church—1856

Scene—Interior of living room of 1856

Characters

Dr. Linsley ..... Henry Fletcher
Robert W. Mead ..... Frank V. Reynolds
Philander Button ..... George E. Carmichael
An Objector ..... Wallace Hill
Sanford Mead ..... George F. Thomson

Other parts by

Mrs. Joseph Brush, Mrs. Margaret Seymour Lounsbury, Mrs. George F. Thomson, Mrs. Frank V. Reynolds, Miss Sadie Mead, Miss Roberta Mead and Others

EPISODE 9

An Old Time Wedding—1858

Scene—Exterior of new Meeting House

Characters

Rev. Dr. Linsley ..... Henry Fletcher
Bride ..... Miss Virginia Child

Groom ..... Hudson L. Ritch

Bridesmaids .....
- Miss Agnes Close
- Mrs. Leighton Lent
- Miss June Lange
- Miss Martha Vincent

Groomsmen .....
- William Bridge
- Everett Brown
- Fred Abrams
- Phelps Danard

Other parts by

Oliver D. Mead, Charles N. Mead
Family and Wedding Guests

EPISODE 10

The Academy Declares a Holiday—1861

Scene—Exterior of little old Academy

Characters

Dr. Darius Mead ..... O. Wentworth Huckel
Rev. Dr. Linsley ..... Henry Fletcher
Philander Button ..... George E. Carmichael
Miss Lizetta Peck ..... Miss Rachael Jones
Academy Girls. Brunswick Boys.

This episode was produced through the kind co-operation of Miss Mildred Peabody, Miss Jean G. Pettrick and Miss Rachael Jones of the Greenwich Academy.

EPISODE 11

Parson Gordon Meets a Great Temptation—1883

Scene—Interior of a home in 1883

Characters

Rev. George A. Gordon ..... Haldane J. Huckel
First Greenwich Man ..... Amos H. Mead

Second Greenwich Man ..... Thomas J. Glines
First Boston Man ..... Thomas D. Hewitt
Second Boston Man ..... Andrew H. Melville

Other parts by

Frank V. Reynolds, Charles N. Mead
Russell S. Reynolds, Albert W. Peck and others

EPISODE 12

The Old Bell Cracks for Joy—1918

Scene—Interior of the social room of the church

Characters

Chairman of Meeting ..... Miss Harriet L. Reynolds

Other parts by

Mrs. Herbert S. Lounsbury, Mrs. Adeline Rungee
Mrs. Ned G. Begle, Mrs. Robert Bridge
and other women of the Guild and Stillson Society
Franklin G. Chapin, Edward Begle
Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts

AS OTHERS SAW US

FROM THE GREENWICH PAPERS

Taking the audience back to as early as 1705, a pageant presented in the Second Congregational Church last evening colorfully presented striking episodes in the history of the church that is this week celebrating its 225th anniversary. Called "The Old Church Tells Her Story," it portrayed strictly historical events found in town histories, church records and personal letters of the time, the dramatization being written by the pastor, Dr. Oliver Huckel, and arranged specially for the occasion.

There were twelve episodes, with musical interludes, and scores of men, women and children took part, all dressed in costumes befitting the times which they por-

trayed. The pulpit was transformed into a stage, completely equipped with curtains, scenery and lighting effects. Souvenir programs were distributed.

The opening episode was "The Parson's Grist Mill," the date being 1705, and the scene the interior of Parson Morgan's home. The parson and his wife were troubled financially. Unable to save with the pittance received from the parish at Old Greenwich (Sound Beach), the parson had taken over a grist mill. This did not meet with the approval of his people in Horseneck (Greenwich), and a committee of deacons called upon him to complain. The conference ended by the deacons agreeing to raise his salary if he would give up his grist mill and his work at Old Greenwich and devote all his time to Horseneck. Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Holley portrayed Parson and Mrs. Morgan, respectively, while the deacons were Walter M. Anderson, Frank G. Chapin and Ned G. Begle.

A drum, summoning the people to worship, opened the second episode, " A Meeting for Worship," the scene being the interior of the society's ancient meeting house in 1708. The occasion was marked by the visit of Dr. Abraham Pierson, first president of Yale. At the conclusion of his talk, Parson Morgan took up the cases of members of his flock who had violated the rules of the church. Edward L. Holley depicted Parson Morgan, with Dr. Alfred Grant Walton, of the First Congregational Church, Stamford, as Dr. Pierson. A striking feature of this episode was the ancient method of singing under the direction of the choir leader with tuning fork, depicted by Edwin H. Abrams. The tuning fork used was loaned by the Misses Rundle, whose grandfather, Erastus Rundle, used the same instrument in the church at Stanwich, nearly a hundred years ago. He was a player on the flute, bass viol and the bagpipes.

"The Great Awakening" was Episode 3, the time be-

ing 1740 and the scene the exterior of the ancient church. It was illustrative of the memorable visit of the great English evangelist, George Whitefield, portrayed by Rev. Allen Lorimer, of the First Congregational Church, Sound Beach. Dr. Huckel was Parson Abraham Todd.

Another memorable occasion was the visit of General Washington to Greenwich, this being depicted in Episode 4, "General Washington Pauses and Remarks," the year being 1781 and the scene the exterior of the ancient church and the Post Road. Whitman M. Reynolds took the part of General Washington. It was a most impressive scene.

Although only two took part in it, Episode 5, "The Deacon Moulds His Clay," held the close attention of the audience. The scene was the interior of Deacon Abraham Mead's old pottery at Held's Point, the time being 1790. The episode depicted the deacon, who saved the church from financial ruin following the Revolution, talking to his grandson. Burton S. Tandy was the deacon, with Henry Hull, Jr., as the grandson.

Dr. Huckel again played a prominent part in Episode 6, "Parson Mann and Elizabeth Stillson," he playing the part of the parson, with Miss Lydia M. Ferris as Elizabeth Stillson, from whom the church's Stillson Society takes its name. Ladies of the society took part in this. The scene depicted Miss Stillson, a school teacher, asking the parson if a Home Missionary Society could be formed.

The venerable Dr. Isaac Lewis, who died at the age of 94 years, was depicted by Harry W. Montague in Episode 7, "The Old Minister Looks Backward." It was the year 1836 and Dr. Lewis' 90th birthday, the scene being the ancient parsonage garden. Dr. Lewis was shown being visited by young people, who presented him with roses and Watts' hymn book. A feature of this was a dance by Greenwich Academy girls.

"Building the Great Stone Church" was the title of Episode 8. It was the year 1856, and Dr. Linsley and officials of his church were discussing whether to build a wooden church similar to former edifices or to build of stone along Gothic designs. "I'm agin it," asserted an objector, depicted by Wallace Hill, the one most bitter against a stone church, but he was finally won over when Robert W. Mead (Frank V. Reynolds) offered to build it for $30,000. Dr. Linsley was portrayed by Henry Fletcher.

One of the most beautiful episodes of the evening was No. 7, "An Old Time Wedding," the scene being the exterior of the new meeting house. The year was 1858, and the wedding was the first to be performed in the new church. The bride was Miss Virginia Child and the groom, Hudson L. Ritch, both being descendants of those whom they portrayed. Henry Fletcher was Dr. Linsley, the bridesmaids were Miss Agnes Close, Mrs. Leighton Lent, Miss June Lange and Miss Martha Vincent, with William Bridge, Everett Brown, Frederick Abrams and Phelps Danard as groomsmen.

"The Academy Declares a Holiday" was the title of the next episode. The scene depicted the exterior of the little old Greenwich Academy when the Civil War was begun in 1861. In honor of the event, a holiday was declared by the schoolmaster, Philander Button, a part portrayed by George E. Carmichael, headmaster of Brunswick School. O. Wentworth Huckel was Dr. Darius Mead, while Henry Fletcher portrayed Dr. Linsley. Miss Rachael Jones depicted Miss Lizetta Peck. The episode closed with soldiers marching by. It was produced through the co-operation of Miss Mildred Peabody, Miss Jean G. Pettrick and Miss Rachael Jones.

How Rev. George A. Gordon turned down a call to be pastor of the Old South Church in Boston was

shown in Episode 11, "Parson Gordon Meets a Great Temptation." It was the year 1883, the scene being the interior of a home. Haldane J. Huckel took the part of the parson. The episode opened with the conference between the committee from Boston, depicted by Thomas D. Hewitt and Andrew H. Melville, and the Greenwich churchmen, portrayed by Amos H. Mead and Thomas J. Glines.

The pageant closed with an episode depicting the signing of the Armistice at the conclusion of the World War in 1918. It was entitled "The Old Bell Cracks for Joy." It showed women of the church busily engaged in war relief work when word was brought of the armistice. The bell was rung so vigorously that it cracked. The scene was the interior of the social room of the church.

THE PAGEANT COMMITTEE

THE PRODUCING COMMITTEE—Miss Harriet L. Reynolds, Mrs. Edwin C. Andrews, Mrs. Russell T. Bailey, Mrs. Hamilton M. Brush and Mrs. George G. Bass.

THE COSTUME COMMITTEE—Mrs. Charles M. Cole, Mrs. William D. Davies, Mrs. N. G. Begle, Mrs. L. Von Hasslacher, Mrs. William J. Ferris, Mrs. Frank V. Reynolds, Mrs. Henry Carson, Jr., Mrs. W. B. Winans, Mrs. Andrew H. Melville, Mrs. Bradford Mix, Miss Mildred Mead, Halsey W. Kent and Charles M. Archer.

THE SCENERY COMMITTEE—Harry R. Vought, William B. Tubby, B. W. Mix, Carlton T. Bradley.

THE CONSULTING COMMITTEE—Miss Mildred Peabody, Mrs. Mary Hill-Brown, Mrs. Laura Levering, Mrs. Ruth West Campbell, Mrs. Elmer MacRae and Miss Dorothy Ochtman.

Co-operating on the Academy Scene—Miss Mildred Peabody, Miss Jean G. Pettrick and Miss Rachael Jones.

Stage Arrangements and Lighting—Charles M. Archer.

Builder of Platform and Scenery Doorways—Carleton C. Gisborne.

Assistants in General Arrangements—Hervey L. Mead, George W. Marshall and Carleton C. Gisborne.

The loan of certain parts of the scenery from the Greenwich Academy is gratefully acknowledged.

The Anniversary Addresses

THE PROGRAM IN BRIEF

Motto for 1930—"In this 225th year of our church history, God make us worthy of the splendid days of the past, in our loyalty, our sacrifices and our earnest endeavor to serve God in this community and to do our share in the nation and the world."

Saturday, May 3

3:00 P. M. Historical Field Day in the Memorial Chapel, Judge F. A. Hubbard presiding. Reading of the history of our church and all our societies more than a hundred years old, including the Sunday School, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and the Stillson Benevolent Society.

Sunday, May 4

9:30 A. M. Anniversary Procession circling the church, for Sunday School, Young People's Fellowship and Boy and Girl Scouts, with flags and banners.

11:00 A. M. Historical Discourse by the Pastor, Rev. Oliver Huckel, D. D., "Some Milestones of Our History," followed by 225th Anniversary Communion for all living members. Rev. Edwin Noah Hardy, D. D., assisted in the service. The anniversary hymn sung was "Faith of Our Fathers, Living Still."

3:30 P. M. Fellowship Meeting with brief greetings. Address by Rev. Charles R. Brown, D. D., for many years dean of Yale Divinity School, on "Why I Believe in the Church." Selections from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" with chorus of forty voices from various church choirs.

Monday, May 5

2:00 P. M. Opening of the Historical Exhibit of Illuminated Manuscripts and Rare Books of the 225 years, in the Memorial Chapel. Every afternoon from two to four o'clock for the week.

Wednesday, May 7

8:00 P. M. Historical Pageant, 1705-1930. Twelve Episodes by 100 of our church people, and music by the Colonial Trio. In the main auditorium of the church. Begins promptly at 8 o'clock.

Friday, May 9

8:00 P. M. Church Family Reunion. Address by Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D. D., on "The Pilgrim Faith in the Modern World." Refreshments and social hour in the church parlors for the whole church family.

Sunday, May 11

11:00 A. M. Anniversary sermon by Rev. Russell Henry Stafford, D. D., of The Old South Church, Boston, on "The Challenge of the Future." Special music by chorus, including "Unfold, ye Everlasting Portals" by

Gounod and "The Hallelujah Chorus" by Handel. The hymns sung were—"O God, Beneath Thy Guilding Hand" and "Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow."

Full details of this 225th Anniversary Program, including the addresses, the pageant of twelve episodes, and the historical papers presented,—some necessarily condensed,—will be found in this volume, on the pages indicated in the table of contents at the opening of the book.

THE ANNIVERSARY OFFERINGS

A most happy feature of the 225th Anniversary was the way in which all expenses were met by the free-will offerings of the people without solicitation. All events were given freely for all. The necessary expenses were over a thousaind dollars, for speakers, printing, platform, special lighting, curtains, costumes, special help, music and refreshments. The primary children of the anniversary procession gave two hundred and twenty-five pennies, one lady of the congregation gave $225 in memory of the two hundred and twenty-five years and others sent in their offerings, large and small, as the Lord prompted them, and thus fully sufficient offerings were received. We appreciated every gift, and the love and loyalty for the old church.

SOME MILESTONES OF OUR HISTORY

THE PASTOR

A Historical Discourse on the 225th Anniversary of the Second Congregational Church, Greenwich, Connecticut.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—Samuel 7:12

We are remembering two hundred and twenty-five years of history, as an organization on the hill-top in Greenwich. But recollect, our church history goes back further,—all through the centuries. Wherever there was a spiritual nucleus and a real conscience and daring for God there is an apostolic succession right back to the church at Jerusalem, and to the Divine Founder Himself. More than that. Our church life goes back through whatever was spiritual and free in the ancient church of Israel by the Law of Moses and the heart-songs of David and the prophetic preachings of Isaiah right to the beginning of the first worship and right to the bosom of God.

That is the full heritage of our history.

This church, as all Congregational Churches are, is simply a revival or rather a return to the simple, primitive church of the New Testament. It originated there in the New Testament. All the early churches, as the leading historians agree, were at first congregational in organization and practice; some generations later they became presbyterian under the oversight of a presbytery; still later they became episcopal, with bishops for chief cities; and finally they became papal with the bishop of

Rome taking the chief place. But at first, they were all congregational, often just assemblies of believers, held in private houses or in the catacombs.

The revival of this primitive New Testament church came through the Pilgrim fathers of 1620.

The name Congregational was not used until recently to differentiate them from other Christian churches. At first they were called simply The First Church of Christ in Plymouth, or in Boston, or at Hartford, or in Greenwich.

This church has the sense of permanence, continuity, of established order, as well as of liberty and of progress.

Two remarkable instances of the estabished life and the cherished continuity of the service and fellowship in this church are seen, for one thing, in the peace bell given in memory of six generations of deacons in one family continuously and bearing the same surname, serving the church for more than two hundred years. Another instance is the Thanksgiving Dinner held every year for ninety years past in the family and under one roof and some of the family attending uninterruptedly for over eighty years, although living at a distance and although little children came: Nothing interrupted the regular attendance at these family Thanksgiving reunions. They were religious traditions that must be sacredly kept.

Our milestones of history will be vividly portrayed by our people this week in the Pageant.

We thought at first that it would not be possible to give this pageant in the church itself for several reasons. So we planned to give it at Greenwich Academy with which institution we have very pleasant relationships, as it grew out of the church a hundred years ago.

But gradually, as the pageant developed, we felt most strongly that the church itself was the place for this religious pageant, "The Old Church Tells Her Story,"

just here, right in her own home, on this very spot where the events occurred.

We are giving it with all the simplicity and reverence of the ancient miracle and mystery plays as they were once given in the churches. This is not a secular pageant—not a spectacle or an exhibition. It is a religious pageant like the Oberammergau Passion Play, quiet, simple, profound, spiritual.

The story gives a New Testament church as presented in the new world of New England in this space of two hundred and twenty-five years. It begins among the fisher-folks, and the farmer-folks, the potters and the weavers of this cloistered community. And in the course of these eight generations, as the town grows, it also develops into this strong church in the suburbs of New York City,—for so we consider ourselves, the most beautiful suburb of the world-city of New York.

This epoch of two hundred and twenty-five years, we may remember, comprises the most eventful years in our startling American history, and all the important events have their reflection here. We hear of the Indians and their wars, and the American Revolution—Washington and Lafayette came here and General Israel Putnam; Whitefield preached here in the great New England spiritual awakening. The Civil War and the World War touch this community and church deeply.

It chronicles all the development from tallow-dip to electric light and from ox-carts to automobiles. We saw in this period the invention of the steam engine, the steamboat and the railroad. We saw the beginnings of the cotton-gin, and the industrial revolution, and the emancipation of the slaves in the South. We saw the opening of the great West, and we sent some of our sons and daughters—pioneers—to Colorado, California, Oregon and Delaware. We have their letters. We sent some of

our teachers to Virginia and Alabama, and even to Turkey, China and Japan.

Some of the old families here still cherish the deeds to their land, signed by the Indian chiefs. Its later families represent many colleges and universities. Columbia, Amherst and Yale have been the recipients of large benefactions from members of this congregation. One member of the congregation a few years ago left twelve million of dollars for tuberculosis research to help rid the world of that scourge. So that you see, there are large interests working in this one church, touching thousands outside in many parts of the world.

Altogether, here in this congregation, as in a mirror, you will see the reflection of the whole world for 225 years. The church is a microcosm of the great cosmos outside and around it,—all human passions,—comedy and tragedy, and at all times a simplicity, a tolerance, a large hospitality among all sorts and conditions of men that make it a church of the living God.

It has had its great prophets, such as Dr. Isaac Lewis and Dr. George A. Gordon; it has had its gifted essayists and editors such as Hamilton Mabie; its picturesque teller of stories, such as Adirondack Murray; its educators such as Dr. Joel H. Linsley, president of Marietta College, Ohio; its statesmen and reformers such as Dr. Josiah Strong; its philanthropists such as Solomon Mead, and Elizabeth Milbank Anderson, but the rank and file of the people have been plain people,—sturdy New England stock who were the salt of the earth, and believed mightily in honesty and industry and patriotism, expressed in the simple gospel of brotherliness and kindness in the following of the Lord Christ. This church is simply a primitive New Testament church with national and world-wide interests.

There are at least three scenes that reveal the free-

dom of thought, the liberty of spirit, the tolerance and the hospitality of this people in the cause of its history.

One is the hospitality to George Whitefield, the English evangelist, when others were refusing to hear him. Boston had refused to listen. So had New Haven and Stamford. Stamford was so afraid of him that they escorted him out of the State and put him on the other side of the Byram River. Our minister of that day, Rev. Abraham Todd, be it said to his honor, believed in George Whitefield, even when others were against him, and he went across the Byram River and invited George Whitefield to come back and preach here in Greenwich. He accepted the invitation and came back. They rang the church bell loud and long. It was a Wednesday at noon. And soon, all the farmers were assembled and they had some glorious meetings under George Whitefield. Surely, that showed an independent and a hospitable spirit.

Another indication of this independent spirit was the vision and the determination to build this great stone church in 1856. Always before they had had plain white, frame meeting houses. There were these from 1705 to 1856. Then they decided to build a noble, Gothic Church. The story is vividly told in the Pageant.

Recollect, it was before the Civil War.

Recollect, it was a community of plain people, mostly farmers and they rose to the idea and accomplished it in a wonderful way. That shows faith and courage.

And a third indication of a free and independent spirit in this church fifty years ago was the way that it accepted and worked with Dr. George A. Gordon.

Recollect, he was a modern in theology,—none more so for his day. Recollect he was a philosopher and scholar and preached solid sermons; he was Harvard and this was largely a Yale atmosphere,—always has been.

Yet they were unanimous in devotion and affection.

It is astonishing!

And he was just as fond of them. He loved them devotedly, and refused to leave them when the call to Boston came. He worked on a year longer, and it was only after much urging and the feeling that he was not so fully needed that he decided on the larger field.

History, it has been said, is largely the shadows of great men. I find it so in the history of this church. That history groups itself around a few striking personalities.

Perhaps the three or four most picturesque laymen that come forth in this history are—

"Deacon Potter" as he was called, really Captain Abraham Mead, a soldier of the revolutionary days, but in the days of peace a potter, a maker of pots and jars. His pottery stood on the water-side, on Held's Point. His best pottery is dated 1790 and 1791.

Robert W. Mead, another famous laymen, was the active spirit who pushed the building of this present church in 1856. He took the contract for $32,000 out of determination that the church should be built. It cost him much more. But he never said a word.

Philander Button was the famous schoolmaster and choir leader of those days. For 22 years he was headmaster of the Academy, resigning in 1861 at the beginning of war days. He lived here after that, all the rest of his life, deeply interested in the Academy and the Church. Two daughters are still with us, Miss A. L. Button and Mrs. J. B. Holmes.

Other notable names come to me that are mentioned elsewhere in our chronicles,—Alexander Mead, Eliphalet Husted, George H. Mills, Edward Brush, Edwin H. Baker, Nelson B. Mead, Henry Dayton, and such coworkers as Dr. Josiah Strong, author of "Our Country," and Hamilton Mabie, essayist and editor. I recall many noble ministers who have wrought faithfully,—Rev.

Abraham Todd, pastor here for 40 years, Dr. Washington Choate, Dr. Walter M. Barrows, and later pastors, Rev. Joseph H. Selden, and Rev. Charles F. Taylor. Many living helpers deserve special mention. They shall have it in our history later.

The three most outstanding ministers of this long period were first of all:

Dr. Isaac Lewis was a scholar and a gentleman of the old school. He served in this pastorate for 32 years, he resigned at 72, he lived to be ninety-five, beloved by his people. He almost became President of Yale. One vote more and the high honor would have been his. His daughter, Sarah Lewis, organized our first Sunday School, when there were no others in this region. His son, Rev. Isaac Lewis, Jr., succeeded him in the pastorate and served acceptably for some years.

Dr. Joel H. Linsley was the master-mind, I venture to believe, who first suggested this Gothic church which was built in 1856. Dr. Linsley was a big man when he came here, from previous pastorates in the Second Church, Hartford, and in Park Street, Boston, and he had been president of Marietta College, Ohio. So he knew a thing or two. And when he spoke of a new church of stone and of the Gothic type to such a wise man as Philander Button, he approved. And when he talked it over with Robert Williams Mead, that fervent soul at once kindled into flame with the idea. It was this triumvirate, I believe, who were responsible for the great vision that built this church.

Dr. George A. Gordon, to my mind, was your most distinguished minister. He was a thinker and a scholar. He loved theology, philosophy and metaphysics, but he made these abstruse subjects live again in his pages. He really began his ministry here. Greenwich was a part of his education and inspiration. And in his pastorates here

THE MOON BEHIND THE SPIRE

and in Boston for forty years and more, he made a real contribution to Christian thought. He was a modern for his day. He was robust in his thinking, as he was in his body. He was a great inspiration to younger ministers. I remember with gratitude that he preached my installation sermon thirty-five years ago at Amherst, Mass. I remember how I used to grow enthusiastic when reading some of his books, notably that remarkable volume on "The Christ of Today."

Religion has its thrills. As I have studied these milestones of our history, I find the record of many thrilling episodes. I can understand them by the unusual experiences of the last twelve years which I have had the honor of sharing with you.

May I recall a few of these outstanding occasions. It was a great day when we finally completed and dedicated the spire, free of debt. When the old landmark was restored to church and the community, there was something thrilling about it,—to have rebuilt it to last a thousand years,—a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

It was thrilling when we dedicated our new peace bell, the old one being broken, ringing in the Armistice.

It was thrilling when we dedicated our war tablet and flags.

It was thrilling when we gave $15,000 as a memorial to the Pilgrim Fathers, for pensions for the aged ministers of the Cross.

I remember, do you, that thrilling memorial service for President Harding with the crowded church.

I remember the thrill when our own drama, Jephtha's Daughter, was so wonderfully, so perfectly given, with its spiritual uplift.

That going out and that coming back from the long Tour around the World was thrilling. So much might have happened,—so much did happen.

But the greatest thrill to me was on a certain Easter Sunday a few years ago when we asked for an offering of $60,000 to cover the cost of our contemplated improvements and more than $67,000 came flowing in. That was almost unbelievable. None of us can forget that thrill. And now we have the beauty of this later glory of this house.

And that was a thrilling Sunday, on Easter a year ago, when these beautiful resurrection windows were installed, unveiled and consecrated in loving memory. They gave the finishing touch, the crown, to the beauty of our interior.

Altogether, these twelve years have been full of growth, progress and stirring experiences that are exceedingly pleasant to remember.

When the first Atlantic cable was ploughing under the ocean, the first words sent to Europe were the words —"What Hath God Wrought!" The inventions of man are really only the inspirations of God. Back of us is God.

So, whatever we have been permitted to do in the last twelve years together, pastor and people working together, we can well exclaim—"What hath God wrought!" He has inspired our hearts, He has guided us, He has sustained us with health and strength, with faith and courage. What hath God wrought, through us—through our hands and hearts and gifts. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us and led us!"

We have been investing our lives for Him. we have been wise enough, by His grace, to invest some contributions where they will count most for the Kingdom of God. Every dollar given by you to His work here has been the best possible investment,—your money put out at compound interest, some an hundred-fold—to bear fruit in saving souls and in building up character. All your time and strength spent here and your prayers, have counted vastly for the Kingdom of God.

WHY I BELIEVE IN THE CHURCH

DEAN CHARLES R. BROWN, D. D., LL. D.

Three reasons why he believes in the church were given by Rev. Dr. Charles Reynolds Brown, former dean of Yale Divinity School, in his address at the Sunday afternoon fellowship meeting at the Second Congregational Church.

Dean Brown said that he believes in the Church because it produces the highest type of human character we know anything about; because it produces as does no other organization a spirit of humane and kindly service here at home, and because the church was a pioneer in teaching the principles of human brotherhood in the world of work.

Pastors of several other churches assisted in the service, and the Rev. Allen Lorimer, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Sound Beach, brought greetings from his church and from the daughter churches of Second Congregational Church, namely, the Stanwich Congregational, the North Greenwich Congregational and the First Presbyterian of Greenwich. The Rev. Lyman H. Merrill of Stanwich read the scripture lesson; prayer was offered by Dr. Edwin Noah Hardy, of Greenwich, and Rev. Dr. James Oastler, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, pronounced the benediction. Rev. Webster Stover, pastor of the North Greenwich Church, was seated on the platform and other pastors were in the audience.

A chorus choir made up of the Second Congregational quartet, and members of the choir of the Episcopal, Pres-

byterian and Methodist churches of Greenwich, the First Congregational Church of Sound Beach, and members of the Riverside Glee Club and Greenwich Choral Society, sang selections from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." The chorus choir was under the direction of Frank Chatterton, organist of Second Congregational Church.

"The Christian church has never had an easy time," said Dean Brown in opening his sermon. "It never has and it never will so long as it remains true to its duty. The church is confronted with the forces of evil without, a certain amount of sloth within, and misunderstanding on the part of a lot of people outside and inside.

CHURCH NOT PERFECT

"The church is not perfect. It couldn't well be perfect as long as it receives into its membership human beings. The only way it could be perfect would be to admit only angels of the 33rd degree. Inasmuch as the number of those is rather scarce in most communities I am afraid we will have to go along as we are.

"We have allowed ourselves to be divided on questions of dogma. I wonder if we have not had enough of the discussions of fundamentalism and modernism and the other questions that have been dividing us. Of course the devil likes to see Christians fighting each other, because otherwise they might be fighting him. When Jesus examined a candidate for the ministry he asked only one question, 'Simon, lovest thou me?' I don't know that in all of the years since then we have improved any upon that method.

"I wonder if we should insist so much upon matters of secondary importance. The church has unnecessarily allowed itself to be divided over questions of ritual,—how we should baptize, how much water should be used, and the like. We forget that John baptized Jesus in the

river, Jordan, which probably signifies how he did it, but the real baptism was the baptism of the Spirit, and the water was secondary.

"The church is about the divinest thing on earth. It is the only institution today with the courage to stand up for the social ideal set up by Jesus in its entirety. The Anti-Saloon League undertook to do away with the saloons with a certain measure of success. The labor unions have sought for reforms in the improvement of labor conditions, but the church looks up and says, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done." The Christian church has never given over that prayer, and it has dedicated itself to that that ideal.

"More than that, the church represents the mind of Christ more perfectly than any other organization. When I hear people praise the life of Jesus and His ideals and then in the next half of the sentence condemn His church, I am led to wonder. That certainly was not the attitude of Jesus to the church of His day. The Jewish church then was not as sincere as the church today, but Jesus belonged to it, and He observed its fast days and its feast days. He was a loyal churchman, and those who praise Him now, and then deny His church are taking an attitude which He would not."

Dean Brown pictured Jesus going about the work of organizing His church. He pointed out that Jesus was not concerned with beautiful buildings and imposing furniture, but that all He sought was to implant His idea in the hearts of men and women. He had no great organization and said nothing much about ritual.

THREE REASONS

Going then into the three specific reasons why he believes in the church, Dean Brown declared that it pro-

duces the highest type of human character we know anything about. Foreign missionaries possess this character in the highest degree, he said, young men and women forsaking everything life has to offer them here to devote themselves to the service of people less privileged. The churches are doing much in China, India and other countries to combat disease and illiteracy, a task which no other organization has ever been willing to undertake.

"Where do these young men and women get this unselfish character?" asked Dean Brown. "They get it from the church, of course. It is the only organization turning out that kind of character. The mission boards would never think of looking anywhere else for them.

"Why didn't some people outside of the church go and do all of these things? The need was there, but they said, 'Oh, no, we don't feel like going there to live. It's more comfortable here. Let the church do it.' And so an army of the finest young men and women is constantly going out into that war, from which there is no discharge.

"Secondly, I believe in the church, because it produces as does no other organization the spirit of humane and kindly service here at home." Nine tenths of the money for charity work in this country is contributed by the people of the churches, he said, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. People outside the church contribute only one-tenth, he said.

"Why don't the people outside the churches give their money?" he asked. "Oh, they have other uses for it,—they have to pay the mortgage or buy a new automobile. But the people inside the church are used to it; they give more generously and more steadily than any other people in the land.

"My third reason for believing in the church is that the church has always been a pioneer in teaching the principle of human brotherhood in industry. The church is

recognized as the pioneer in teaching that Christian ideals should govern the world of work.

It was the church which undertook investigations a few years ago into a great industry and was responsible for doing away with the twelve hour day and bringing about better living conditions for the men. Other organizations did not feel like doing it but the church tackled it. The church stands for the application of the principles of the Sermon on the Mount in every day life."

GRAVES DECORATED

After the anniversary services Sunday, the sanctuary flowers were laid upon the graves of some of the former ministers of the church who rest in the burying ground adjoining—Rev. Joel H. Linsley, who served the church from 1847-1863 and under whose ministry the present church was built; and Rev. Walter M. Barrows, who served in 1898 and 1899 until his sudden death. Flowers were also placed on the grave of Robert W. Mead who was the builder of the church, and on whose tombstone are carved the words—"If you would see his monument, look around you."

They decorated the grave of Elizabeth Stillson, the young school teacher who founded the first Home Missionary Society of the church more than a hundred years ago. Her work still goes on in the present Stillson Society.

Flowers were also laid on the graves of Dr. Isaac Lewis, who served the church for 32 years, and lived to be 94 years old, and on the grave of his daughter, Miss Sarah Lewis, who began the first Sunday School in Greenwich in 1814. They rest in the old parsonage garden in a family plot just back of Greenwich Lodge.

Flowers were also given to Dean Brown, of Yale, to

be laid in the Yale campus at the foot of the statue of Dr. Abraham Pierson, once a minister of the First Church of Greenwich, who became the first president of Yale College.

The chorus on this occasion comprised:

Sopranos: Janet Cooper, Mrs. Franklin Banker, Miss Ruth Behringer, Mrs. E. W. Campbell, Mrs. Norman P. Geis, Miss Ethel Geis, Miss Alice Howe, Miss Grace Hoyt, Mrs. Philip L. Kirkham, Miss Mabel Lees, Miss Mildred Mead, Mrs. Thurston Rupp, Miss Olga Taschner, Mrs. Weld Stevens, Miss Wilkinson, Miss Viola Worrell.

Contraltos: Mrs. Caroline Thompson, Mrs. Howard Danard, Mrs. W. S. M. Fiske, Miss Margaret Horton, Mrs. William Lally, Mrs. A. G. Norris, Mrs. Howard W. Palmer, Miss Caroline Springer.

Tenors: Herbert Tilley, E. H. Abrams, Franklin Banker, W. S. M. Fiske, Adrian Loder, Harry Montague, Reginald Reynolds.

Bassos: Clegg Monroe, Silas Foss, T. W. Fowle, Morris Gale, Haldane Huckel, Wentworth Huckel, Andrew Mitchell, Commodore C. T. Pierce, Whitman Reynolds.

(The foregoing report is taken from the Greenwich News and Graphic, as Dean Brown spoke without notes).

PILGRIM IDEALS IN THE MODERN WORLD

REV. S. PARKES CADMAN, D. D., LL. D.

Greece and Rome, mighty states though they were, failed for lack of substantial righteousness within, and what happened to them is still within the laws of contingency, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, told his audience on Friday evening at the family reunion service held in connection with the church's celebration of its 225th anniversary. His subject was "The Pilgrim Ideals in the Modern World."

Referring somewhat humorously to Cleopatra's famous procession down the Nile, he admitted that the modern world preferred that type to the "tempest-tossed Pilgrims." "But she sailed to her own murder," commented Dr. Cadman, comparing her untimely end to the ultimate success of the Pilgrims. "Because they were plain folk and lived in that spirit, they were able to place their feet next to kings."

"New York has some spiritual understanding, New England has," he continued. "Behind the magnificent skyline of New York is an invisible soul. It will yet be felt more and more."

In opening his remarks, Dr. Cadman reminded his audience that the church was as much the mother of men as God was their Father. Going back to the early days he said, "The democracy our fathers believed in, is being fiercely impeached. Even England has found herself some-

what in the doldrums as to which way the wind will blow again."

He gave what he termed a "fragmentary review" of the Pilgrim forces and brought before his audience much of the history of those early days. Continuing down to later days, he lauded the attitude of General Robert E. Lee at the time of his surrender to the Union forces, at the same time setting forth Sir Walter Raleigh as another Virginian of the highest type.

"The real world is the world within," said Dr. Cadman. "You make the world without sustain the inner world. The inner world transforms everything for you and me."

Dr. Cadman's remarks were frequently interspersed with bits of humor, one characteristic that has made him such a favorite with his audiences. Referring to the place held by woman in the world of today, he said, "I don't suppose man will ever be as high again as in George Washington's time for we see in this 20th century, woman has become man's equal, or superior."

He gave a review of many of the outstanding characters of the past, and reminded his hearers that the "seeds sown through the mighty movements from which the Pilgrims came" still lived.

"A man's real income is the income that stays with him," he said in conclusion.

Dr. Cadman's address was given without notes, rapidly in his inimitable style and was well-nigh unreportable. But some of the address was reported in the Greenwich papers as follows:

Fellow Laborers in the gospel of our Lord in Jesus Christ, I count it an honor to be here and to be related to this 225th anniversary of the Church, also to be closely allied to two of its pastors, Dr. George A. Gordon and Dr. Oliver Huckel.

I do not count the bricks and mortar in the church as important as the spirit of the occasion. The spirit of other days has endowed us with things to be remembered. The church is as much the Mother of men, as God is the Father of men. The things, which have taken place, have made it impossible to think of the Church as apart from the State, or the State as separated from the Church.

Greece and Rome were mighty countries, Rome became the mistress of mankind. The reformation and the renaissance were great days. But if I were cross examined, I should say, that I would rather see the Pilgrims in the Mayflower, which sailed through the storm to the harbor than to see Cleopatra in her ship on the Nile.

Just as Greece and Rome crashed, so it is still within the laws of contingency that the modern civilization will likewise crash unless the people of today follow more rigidly the ideals as laid down by the Pilgrims.

18TH CENTURY EXCESSIVE

What thoughts you people must have had, who have seen costumes in this pageant rescued from old attics. The Pilgrims were plain folk, who lived and wove their lives into prosperity. We have all sat down to banquets in their memory and reaped harvests from their efforts. I dare to say it here, that in New York there is the same spirit of understanding, as in New England. Behind the bold sky-line of New York, there is an invisible soul. There is a sort of internal reality, when we begin to reflect these internal parts. When I stood at the graves of William Penn and his wife, I felt as near to God as when I stood in Westminster Abbey. I dare not trust myself to speak at length on Virginia, I feel her spiritual grandeur. All these things have a significance in the power and life of men. The real world is the world within.

THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH, 1930

When George McDonald saw the Matterhorn, he looked on it as the holy of holies. This inner world transforms everything within, for weal or woe, and reveals direct guidance. If I had to write an article, I would take from 1766 to 1815, when the guns of Waterloo thundered. Whatever the eighteenth century was, it was an excessive age. But a wonderful temper seemed to throb through that age.

GOLDEN ROAD CONTINUES

Men should ever be as high in spirit as George Washington. Where are your rights and my rights as men. Nowhere excepting in some lodge. The women are on our track. William Pitt and the younger William Pitt ruled that age. Charles Wesley had 30,000,000 of men in his breeches pocket. The golden road still continues. George Washington rode up this road and gazed on this church and saw in prospect visions of things that were to come. His associates were men of the ages. Whenever the victory came, the church which had laid in the dust became linked to the state government. It showed that God might reign in the night as well as in the day.

PREDICTS GREATER LEADERSHIP

If I were to speak in a Catholic Church, I would pay tribute to that church. If I were to speak in a Greek church, I would pay tribute to that church. The time has come to stop spitting in the face of our ancestors. What have we to take in hope and courage for the future? At 86 years of age, Robert Bridges gave us "the testament of youth." All these enthusiasms fade away and other things on which the nations live. In Puritanism, there is a fixed love of what is right, not liberty in itself, but righteousness in what is absolutely right. People

cannot take their riches with them, so they use them here. Man's income increases and stays with him.

The best function is to keep the link in the chain sufficiently strong for those who shall come after us. I know that in the coming tide of time, God will produce a greater leadership, which shall be beauty, dignity and spiritual power in the church."

At the opening of the services, the quartet choir of the church sang the anthem, "Ho! Everyone That Thirsteth," followed by the invocation by Dr. Huckel. At the close of the service, the quartet again sang, "The Lord Is My Light and My Salvation." Frank Chatterton was at the organ.

The people on the right side of the church then went to the Memorial Chapel, and were received by Dr. Huckel and Mrs. Huckel. Dr. Cadman, also the deacons and their wives, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin G. Chapin, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Holley, Charles N. Mead, Mr. and Mrs. William O. Keeler, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Carmichael, also Miss Hannah Mead.

Those on the left side of the church repaired to the social rooms downstairs, where refreshments were served, after which they were received upstairs in the Memorial Chapel alternating with members of the church and guests who went downstairs for the social hour.

The platform in the Memorial Chapel was decorated with sprays of lilacs, behind which an orchestra furnished music.

The historic exhibit in the Memorial Chapel was viewed with interest by the large number in attendance. (Note—This account, including the brief sentences from Dr. Cadman's address, is taken from the Greenwich papers, but utterly fails to do justice to his eloquent and erudite oration on the occasion.)

THE CHALLENGE OF THE FUTURE

REV. RUSSELL HENRY STAFFORD, D. D.

Sunday morning, May 11, marked the closing of the 225th anniversary of the Second Congregational Church, the anniversary sermon being preached by the Rev. Russell Henry Stafford, D. D., pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, Mass., where the late Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon, one of the early pastors of the Greenwich Church, was for many years the pastor. "The Challenge of the Future" was the subject of the sermon, which was most inspiring and impressive.

The sermon was as follows:

"Therefore—let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."—Hebrews 12:1.

"When a company of military recruits is learning the evolutions of the drill-fields, glances wander, feet stumble, columns waver and hesitate, the line of march is ragged. At every conspicuous breach of regularity, however, one will hear the admonitory voice of officer or sergeant: 'Eyes front! The command is forward!' That is in effect what the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews was saying to his early Christian readers, in a connection of special interest to us at this time; namely, such a marshalling of past events as tempts men's minds away from the prospect of advance to contemplate with undue attention the retrospect of ground already covered.

TWO COMMEMORATIONS

This Church is now engaged in commemoration of its founding, two hundred twenty-five years ago. In this same year, we are celebrating, in a neighboring commonwealth, the Tercentenary of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. In both instances, it is well that we should pay respect to the record of the founders, and recall with gratitude their thrilling chapter of vigorous accomplishments under stern discipline of manifold adversities, and review the course of events which the community has traversed since the day of humble and difficult beginnings. But we must be on our guard against the danger of interrupting the progress remaining to be made, by unwarranted and sterile absorption in our communal memories.

NEW ENGLAND IDEALS

For there is grave menace of reaction in any observance which prompts us to dwell in the past. Especially is this true for the Anglo-Saxon inheritors of the Puritan tradition, in a day when population and circumstances have changed so markedly that political and economic power is passing into the hands of relatively late comers to these New England shores, who are aliens to our civil and religious heritage. The depth of our background here, and the preponderance of our cultural advantages, give to us a continuing opportunity and duty of leading our fellow-citizens forward into ever nobler fulfillment of the formative ideals of New England. But if, in discouragement with the present or exaggerated veneration of the past, we fail in this obligation, then leadership must pass to other hands, and, whatever gains may be made or losses sustained subsequently, there will inevitably be a breach of continuity with the earlier chapters of our community's story which could only be regarded as calamitous.

ANCESTORS REAL PEOPLE

There is danger that we fasten our gaze wistfully on antiquity instead of looking ahead along the path still to be pursued. I have read not a few papers and heard not a few discussions of late by Anglo-Saxon New Englanders which seem to show an inclination to the view that our remote yesterdays constitute a sort of Golden Age, when all men were saints and heroes, and the mean level of common life was at a greater moral elevation than the heights today. Now of course that is not true. For human nature is always human nature. Our ancestors were real people. They did indeed launch voluntarily upon an undertaking of vast hazard, and accomplish many notable results of enduring value by their energy and determination. But they had faults and made mistakes like their descendants. It is a cowardly flight from reality for us to gild the images of the forefathers and prostrate ourselves before their shrines, instead of thankfully profiting by the lessons of their manly and contemporaneous fortitude and continuing upon the farther reaches of the way down the centuries in which they embarked.

EVERY MOVEMENT CRUCIAL

There is danger that we mark time while engaging in this retrospective reverence, at a moment crucial in the life of the community. And be it noted that every movement is crucial; for no day ever dawns without bringing new and vital problems clamant for wise and courageous solution. And there is even greater danger that we who boast of old New England blood halt and fall out, because our band no longer sets the tune exclusively for the onward march; that in complacency of birth and breeding, and resentment of competition within the area once wholly under the sway of our kind, we lapse into

critical and disgruntled inertia, instead of doing our part as our predecessors upon this scene did theirs, though our part be a diminished one, in carrying the burdens, performing the tasks, and fashioning the future of this rapidly changing and infinitely hopeful civilization.

FOR A LARGER FAITH

It is not as if our ancestors had actually been supermen, whose achievements cannot be excelled. Progress has been already made, in individual type and social conditions, far beyond anything they knew; and much more progress remains to be attained. We think of the founders as men of lofty faith. And so they were,—lofty, but strangely limited. Ours must be a larger faith than theirs. By the brighter light of the twentieth century, we must surpass the vision of the men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in believing in the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,—the Author, Sponsor and Friend of all mankind; and, for His sake, in the divine prerogative of liberty for men in general, to be expressed among us in a democracy inclusive of all orders of opinion within the bond of generous good will, mutual amity, and sacred aspirations after fuller justice and a more exalted plane of personal and civic virtue. We must have a faith broad enough to teach us that God is a Catholic as well as a Congregationalist, and that Irish and Italians as well as Englishmen belong of right within the comity of our state and society, and are capable of contributing richly to their upbuilding. Then we must set ourselves ardently, shoulder to shoulder with all other citizens of decent purpose and honest heart, to bring toward completion, upon the foundations our fathers laid, a grander edifice of social equity and security, after the likeness of the Kingdom of Heaven, than it could have entered into the fathers' minds to imagine.

SURPASS ANCESTORS

So much that is adulatory has been said of the personal character of the men of old on this soil, that perhaps I ought to hesitate to assert that it remains for us to surpass them even in this regard, if we will. Yet I feel no such hesitancy. We, of today, have an ideal, practicable enough if we choose, of the integration of all life's energies about a positive principle of self-realization through humane service in the most catholic sense and with the widest possible of imaginative and actual outreaches into all the world. We ought to be not less strong, but kinder and in a deep sense more joyous, in moral quality and spiritual tone, than were our ancestors. There lies the path, continuous with the way they trod, before us, for us to follow on, if we will.

LIVE FOR FUTURE

"The command is forward." We must not live in the past, or fall out of line on the march from today toward tomorrow, because some of the present conditions are antipathetic to our taste. Yet we must of course revere the fathers, and preserve the bond of solidarity between the earlier and the later days of the community; for therein lies the guarantee of true conservation, as contrasted with reaction,—that conservation which is requisite in order to make possible a sound progress, as contrasted with the destructive radicalism which is all too likely to follow upon a complete break with the past. How shall we both honor the past and live for the future?

A MASTERLY SURVEY

Our text affords the indication we need. The writer has just finished a masterly survey and summary of the

faith of the fathers of Israel from the earliest days of the Chosen People, illustrated by historical instances quite in the vein of our memorial observances. But, with this deep and magnificent sweep of grateful insight into the meaning of the sacred past, he does not leave the matter there. "We are compassed about," he says, "with a great cloud of witnesses." In other words, the fathers are still with us, and watching us. Whether he meant that literally or not,—and we are permitted to hope that the saints in Heaven have something better to do than to watch us here below,—in any case this vivid representation of the ancients on the grandstand while the moderns carry on life's game does say to us that history is alive. The past survives in the present, as the determining condition of its forms of development. Through all the generations in perpetual succession, one uninterrupted biological and spiritual process continues. We owe it to our forebears, to carry it on as they did; and we are failing in our debt to them, if we turn aside to look back to their deeds, instead of emulating their prowess in new deeds of our own. They were not falterers or quitters; they did what they had to do. How dare we boast of our descent from them, if we have descended so far from their spirit as to be slack when they were firm, and despondent when they were hopeful, and idle when they were eager?

PRACTICE SACRIFICE

So, since history is alive and we are a part of it, "let us lay aside every weight." The early settlers in these colonies laid aside for conscience's sake the weight of their relative well-being in the mother country, and came to perils beyond reckoning on this bleak coast, scorning comfort for the greater glory of God. We moderns who bear their names are far too comfortable. Our ideals are in

danger of being stifled by luxury; every poor man has luxuries today which no rich man enjoyed when this was a new land. Are we so burdened with the things we own that they own us, and we have no initiative remaining? We must be willing to sacrifice ease in order to serve our time, as they served theirs, who counted no sacrifice too great for the cause of divine truth and human right.

PURSUE THE GOAL

"And the sin which doth so easily beset us:" sin is a missing of life's mark by poor or uncertain aim. We must know what our goal is, and in which direction it lies, and then pursue it single-mindedly. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." We cannot be good citizens of this great Republic—and only the good citizen is a good Christian —unless, though it be at cost to our fortune and standing, we will give searching thought to those ideals of the Gospel, for a social order in harmony with Christ's teaching of brotherhood, of which our community now still falls short, and will follow up our reflection with the gift of time and persistent effort to bring them nearer to realization by our direct and earnest participation in the life of the community as such.

"And let us run with patience the race that is set before us:" the figure of a race does not here signify competition, but athletic asceticism and the resultant co-ordination of all muscles and nerves to one end. We must be strong and persevering upon the way of personal growth in character and social progress in righteousness, if we would express acceptably in the sight of God our gratitude for the great actions wrought by our sturdy forerunners in this race. They, living on in their enduring achievements, to witness and encourage our strivings for still farther advance, expect us to keep pressing to the

front in fidelity to their example and ever larger attainment of their aims. From Heaven and the living past of earth, to us men of the Twentieth Century, the command is—Forward!"

A three-fold quartet, under the direction of Frank Chatterton sang "Unfold Ye Portals Everlasting," Gounod and for the offertory sang "The Hallelujah Chorus," from Handel's "Messiah." Rev. Dr. Stafford read the Scriptures and pronounced the benediction. The hymns, "O God Beneath Thy Guiding Hand," and "Through The Night of Doubt and Sorrow" were given by the choir and congregation. "The Seven Fold Amen" was sung by the choir after the benediction had been pronounced.

THE ANNIVERSARY COMMITTEES

Working with the Pastor in making possible the celebration of the 225th anniversary of the Second Congregational Church have been numerous committees. Preparations began months before and continued steadily until the event.

Following are the committees:

General anniversary committee—Dr. Oliver Huckel, C. N. Mead, Judge F. A. Hubbard, Sanford Robinson, W. S. Wright, Walter M. Anderson, H. M. Brush, Oliver D. Mead, Miss J. E. Bell, Augustus I. Mead, Mrs. W. A. Stevens, Henry Fletcher, Miss H. L. Reynolds.

Sub-committees—Program: Dr. Huckel, W. M. Anderson, C. N. Mead; finance: Sanford Robinson, A. I. Mead, Henry Fletcher; reunion: Mrs. W. A. Stevens; pageant: Miss Harriet L. Reynolds.

Pageant committee—The pageant committee has been divided into four sub-committees.

Producing committee—Miss Harriet L. Reynolds, Mrs. Russell T. Bailey, Mrs. Edwin C. Andrews, Miss Mildred Peabody, Mrs. Hamilton M. Brush and Mrs. George G. Bass.

Costume committee—Mrs. Charles M. Cole, Mrs. William D. Davies, Mrs. N. G. Begle, Mrs. L. von Hasslacher, Mrs. William J. Ferris, Mrs. Frank V. Reynolds, Mrs. Henry Carson, Jr., Mrs. W. B. Winans, Mrs. Andrew H. Melville, Mrs. Bradford Mix, Miss

Mildred Mead, Halsey W. Kent and Charles M. Archer.

Scenery committee—Harry R. Vought, William B. Tubby, B. W. Mix, Carlton T. Bradley and A. D. Rockwell.

Consulting committee—Mrs. Mary Hill-Brown, Mrs. Laura Levering, Mrs. Ruth West Campbell, Mrs. Elmer MacRae and Miss Dorothy Ochtman.

Reunion committee—Mrs. Henry Carson, Jr., Mrs. William A. Stevens, Mrs. J. T. Weir, Mrs. George F. Thomson, Mrs. F. W. Bray, Mrs. Frank V. Reynolds, Mrs. Winfield S. Mills, Mrs. F. G. Chapin, Mrs. L. von Hasslacher, Mrs. E. McFarlan, Mrs. Allen Woods, Mrs. Walter M. Anderson, Mrs. Howard Danard, Mrs. H. R. Frost, Mrs. George L. Geibel.

Rare books exhibit—Henry Fletcher, chairman; George E. Carmichael, Miss Julia B. Mead, Mrs. Elon H. Hooker, Mrs. Raynal C. Bolling, Mrs. Henry Fletcher, Mrs. I. Newton Lewis, Mrs. John D. Boyle, Mrs. Frederick Anderson, Mrs. Joseph M. Schirmer, Mrs. Max Berking, Mrs. Theodore K. Lindsted, Mrs. Boudinot Stimson, Mrs. Edward McFarlan, Mrs. Henry R. Frost, Mrs. N. G. Begle, Mrs. Thomas D. Hewitt.

Decoration committee—Mrs. Elmer Mac Rae, Mrs. Hamilton M. Brush, Miss Clara Wright, Mrs. Frank S. Carpenter, Mrs. Harold P. Voss, Mrs. Douglas Vought, Mrs. P. K. Olitsky, Mrs. Frederick W. Bray.

History committee—The pastor, Judge F. A. Hubbard, C. N. Mead, Franklin G. Chapin, Miss Julia E. Bell, Miss Susan H. Mead and Miss H. L. Reynolds, to complete history of church, Stillson, Women's Missionary, Sunday School and other auxiliaries to date.

Anniversary musical committee—Church music committee: Harry H. Montague, chairman; C. N. Mead, Mrs. F. W. Bray, Mrs. G. C. St. John, S. Cristy Mead and Frank Chatterton.

Some Chronicles of Our Church History

The early history of the Second Congregational Church and its societies was given at the historical field day held in the memorial chapel on Saturday afternoon, May 3, opening the celebration of the 225th anniversary of the organization. Judge Frederick A. Hubbard presided. Many new or long-forgotten points were brought out in the papers specially prepared for the occasion. The field day started at 3 o'clock and lasted until about 5.

The histories as read went back many years, telling of the formation of the various organizations and something of those back of them.

PRELUDE TO OUR HISTORY

BY THE PASTOR

The two hundred and twenty-five years of the life of this church on this spot comprehends a period in the life of the universal church of God, which may well be considered one of the most important epochs in church history, in the development of its true liberty and progressive faith. As we say this we do not forget those first early centuries of the church, vastly interesting, nor the scholastic ages when the monasteries kept alive the torch of medieval learing, nor the days of the Protestant reformation, revolutionary and vitalizing as these were.

The separatist movement beginning with the Pilgrim Fathers three hundred years ago was at first somewhat limited and self centered. Its progress and influence reached its large scope during the last two hundred and twenty-five years,—an epoch more intense in depth, more revolutionary in thought, more outreaching in results, than in all the previous thousands of years of history. The whole theological world has been transformed and transfigured in passing through that period. The whole spirit of the church has been as thoroughly changed as marked the evolution from Ptolemaic to Copernican astronomy. Just as the outlook of the world has been changed by the enunciation of the theories of gravitation, evolution, and the universal reign of law, so the whole religious atmosphere of the world has progressed and changed to vaster issues.

Once the keyword of religious thought and life was loyalty; then later the word became liberty; but now the words are law, loyalty, and liberty. Once the word was conformity; then later it became tolerance; now it is appreciation. Once the word was the nation; then it became confederation or empire; now it has become international world-wide brotherhood. Once it was theology and dogma that absorbed men's minds; later the interests were fundamentalism and modernism; now the great emphaisis is on the essentials,—spirit and life.

These great changes have come and are increasingly manifest. They were inevitable and they are remaking the church into its larger spirit. Something of the quiet movement and the enlarging result of this leadership of the Divine Spirit in the world may be seen in the successive chronicles of the life of this congregation as it reflects the spiritual development of the past two hundred and twenty-five years.

PASTORAL SUCCESSION—SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST IN GREENWICH

1640—The town settled, with church privileges at Stamford.

1670—The first church gathered, Old Greenwich.

1678-1689—Rev Jeremiah Peck, for eleven years.

1691-1694—Rev. Abraham Pierson, afterward first president of Yale College.

1695-1697—Rev. Solomon Treat, who began a second preaching place at Horseneck (Greenwich).

1697-1708—Rev. Joseph Morgan, who preached at both places.

1700-1705—The second church gathered with Rev. Joseph Morgan as pastor.

1708-1716—Pulpit supplied but no settled pastor.

1716-1730—Rev. Richard Sackett as pastor.

1728-1730—Rev. Stephen Munson.

1732-1773—Rev. Abraham Todd, for 40 years.

1774-1784—Rev. Jonathan Murdock, during the Revotionary days.

1786-1818—Rev. Isaac Lewis, D. D., for 32 years, resigning at 72, and living here until the age of 95 years.

1818-1828—Rev. Isaac Lewis, Jr.

1830-1836—Rev. Joel Mann, for whom the present parsonage was built.

1837-1845—Rev. Noah Coe.

1847-1863—Rev. Joel H. Linsley, D. D., pastor of Park Street Church, Boston, president of Marietta College and builder of this present structure.

1866-1867—Rev. W. H. H. Murray, often called "Adirondack" Murray.

1867-1871—Rev. Frederick G. Clark, D. D.

1871-1873—Rev. Horace James.

1874-1880—Rev. Charles R. Treat.

1881-1884—Rev. George A. Gordon, D. D., afterwards for 40 years pastor of the Old South Church, Boston.

1884-1887—Rev. Edward C. Porter.

1888-1891—Rev. Washington Choate, D. D., afterward secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society.

1892-1897—Rev. Russell T. Hall, D. D.

1898-1899—Rev. Walter M. Barrows, D. D.

1900-1911—Rev. Joseph H. Selden, D. D., in whose pastorate the interior was reconstructed and the Memorial Chapel added.

1912-1916—Rev. Charles F. Taylor.

1917- —Rev. Oliver Huckel, D. D., the present pastor of the church.

Two Hundred and Twenty-five Years of Our Church

THE DATE OF OUR BEGINNINGS

BY THE PASTOR

We accepted the date May, 1705, as the time of the official recognition of the Second Church, and on this date we held our 225th Anniversary. The historical data for May, 1705, is the following:

1. In Spencer P. Mead's History of Greenwich, p. 405, is this paragraph:

"Title to that tract of land originally known as Horseneck, now the Borough of Greenwich, was purchased of the Indians in 1672, and settlement thereof immediately commenced. In the year 1696, the settlement had increased so rapidly that the Rev. Solomon Treat, pastor of the First Congregational Church, held mission services here one Sabbath out of every three. In 1701 the inhabitants felt the need of a meeting-house in the settlement, and at a town meeting, held on the twentieth day of March of the same year, a meeting house was authorized to be built between the houses of John Reynolds and Angell Husted, Jr., in all respects like the meeting-house at Greenwich, Old Town, which was thirty-two feet long by twenty-six feet wide. The building committee was Thomas Close, Sr., Joshua Knapp, and Ebenezer Mead. It soon became evident that one minister could not satis-

factorily attend to the spiritual needs of two settlements. So the General Assembly, at the session held during May, 1705, passed an act creating the Second Church and Society in Greenwich divided the town into two ecclesiastical societies, and defined their parish lines,—the First Society being on "ye East sid of sd Myanos River," and the Second Society being on "ye West sid of sd Myanos River."

Also on page 44 of the same volume: "Up to 1703, all town meetings had been held in Greenwich, Old Town, but in that year it was voted that they be held one half of the time at Horseneck. Also about this time so many settlers from Stamford and elsewhere had located in the western and northwestern parts of the town, that in 1704 the settlement had become so extended that it was found impossible for one minister to attend to the wants of the inhabitants at both Horseneck and Greenwich, Old Town, therefore, in 1705 an agreement, by and with the consent of the General Court of the Colony of Connecticut was made "betweene ye Inhabitants on ye East sid of Myanos River and ye Inhabitants of sd Greenwich on ye West sid of sd Myanos River, whereby the town was divided into two societies, as authorized by the General Court at the May session, 1705, the First Society being on "ye East sid of sd Myanos River," and the Second Society being on "ye West sid of sd Myanos River," as above set forth, thereby incorporating the Second society."

Fuller details giving also the complete text of the original articles of agreement are given in Spencer P. Mead's History pp. 40, 44, as taken from the Ecclesiastical Records of Connecticut, volume 2, p. 24 State Library.

2. In the Commemorative Discourse by Rev. Joel H. Linsley, D. D., preached December 5, 1858, page 7,

THE FOURTH MEETING HOUSE—THE PRESENT CHURCH
ERECTED 1856

occurs this reference: "In 1696 the Rev. Solomon Treat was called to settle in the town, with a provision for his preaching every third Sunday at Horseneck—the first recognition of this place as entitled to preaching; but he did not accept the call. Early in 1699, by vote of the town, a home lot was granted for a parsonage at Horseneck. The Rev. Joseph Morgan, the next minister, is believed to have come here in the autumn of 1696. He preached at first on both sides of the river, as it had been contemplated Mr. Treat should do; but it soon created dissatisfaction. The Proprietors of the town say by vote that "Mr. Morgan preaching part of the time at Horseneck is a damage to them, and takes away their religious privileges." Mr. Morgan continued the minister of the town four years till May, 1700. He then left the settlement east of the Myanos, and assigned as a reason the want of union among the people. He seems after that to have labored on this side of the river at Horseneck, as we find the inhabitants bestowing upon him, in January, 1705, some special privileges. On the 5th of March following, the town was by vote divided into two societies; and here we suppose that we find the true date of the founding of this church."

3. Later, in Dr. Linsley's Historical Discourse on Nov. 7, 1866, he refers to a renewed petition from the inhabitants west of the Myanos to the General Assembly, bearing date of May, 1716, referring to the old division line (this is now in the pastorate of Rev. Richard Sackett) and asking for a final settlement of all disputes. It would seem that former agreements and General Court orders were somewhat in controversy, and a more definite act and settlement was desired. This was passed as an enabling act, during this same month of May, 1716. Through a misunderstanding this final settlement, in-

stead of the initial act of recognition in May, 1705, was taken as the date of the organization of the church, and the one hundred and fifieth anniversary was observed in November, 1866,—one hundred and fifty years after 1716. We have however gone back to the original date, May, 1705. And we also recognize the fact that services of worship and preaching began here in our section of the town as early as 1696 by Rev. Solomon Treat every third Sunday, and that in 1700, Mr. Morgan was giving much time here. In March, 1701, it was decided to build a meeting house here, but the authorization of the new church was not formally made by the General Court of the Colony of Connecticut until May, 1705.

THE EVOLUTION OF OUR CHURCH NAME

What are now known as the Congregational churches were revivals of the primitive apostolic church of Christ. The separate congregations had no local or denominational names, such as Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian. Such designations came later, when denominations came into New England. But in the beginning it was The First Church of Christ in Plymouth, or The First Church of Christ in Boston, or The First Church of New Haven, or of Fairfield, or of Stamford. These were the established churches in New England. There were no others at that time.

So in the beginning of our town history, the church that was established at old Greenwich, now Sound Beach, was called The First Church of Christ in Greenwich. Sometimes the early churches were designated by locations, as the Church of Christ in the South of Boston, or the North of Boston, which afterwards were known as the North Church in Boston (where Paul Revere hung out his lanterns,) or the South Church in Boston (whose successor, now known as the "New Old

South," was the church were our Dr. Gordon was pastor for more than forty years.)

The earliest name of our church as recorded on the church records kept by the Rev. Stephen Munson in 1728 was "The Church of Christ in the West Society of Greenwich."

This was also the name in 1774, when the records read "An Account of the Baptisms administered in the Church of Christ in the West Society of Greenwich since June 8, A. D. 1774" by Jonth. Murdoch, installed pastor of "the Church of Christ in West Greenwich."

Again it reads—"The troubles of the war caused the public administrations of ordinances to be omitted in this place for some time."

In February, 1819, the name was still the Church and West Ecclesiastical Society in Greenwich. The records also speak of it as "the meeting house of the West Ecclesiastical Society in Greenwich."

In 1820 (23 Oct.), it was called on the minutes "the Second Presbyterian or Congregational Society in Greenwich."

In 1821, it was called "The Second Congregational Society in the Town of Greenwich."

In 1822, again "the Second Presbyterian or Congregational Society."

In 1823, it was called "the Second Consociated Society."

In 1824, it was called "the Second Presbyterian or Consociated Society in Greenwich."

In October, 1924, it was called "the Second Consociated Society."

In 1830, it had become "The Second Consociated Congregational Society."

So it continued on the records until 1845 (Apr. 24), when it became "The Second Congregational Society."

The Records of the Parish (The West Society in Greenwich) are extant and nearly in full from 1720—through Revolutionary Days—and up to 1856 when the present church was built.

Book I—small—1720 to 1775—Church Society Transactions.

Book II—large—1790 to 1856—Church Society Transactions.

Book III—large—1728 to 1814—Church Transactions.

These records are now in the safe at the office of Wilbur S. Wright, Custodian of Church Records. The church was incorporated in 1900 and the society dissolved. These notes copied from the records by Rev. Oliver Huckel, June, 1925.

THE PICTURESQUE EARLY CENTURY

"The Early Days of This Church: the Second Congregational Church of Greenwich," prepared from the sketches of Dr. Joel H. Linsley, Miss Julia E. Bell, Nelson B. Mead and Dr. Huckel. It follows in part:

"The Town of Greenwich was settled in 1640 by people largely from Greenwich in old England. The ground was bought from the Indians among whom the chief sachems were Amogerone, Cos Cob and Ponus. The inhabitants at first had their church privileges with the older settlement of Stamford nearby. But as the population increased, the church ordered a minister to be hired in 1660, and the first church was then gathered and established. In 1696 services were also begun in the west part of the town, then called Horseneck. When this west parish became the largest part of the town, a second church was chartered by the legislature in May, 1705. This has grown to be the largest and strongest Congre-

gational Church in the town and in this section of Connecticut, west of Bridgeport.

"This year, 1930, celebrates the 225th anniversary of the Second Congregational Church of Greenwich. The same site has thus been occupied by worshipping people for this long period, occupying now its fourth church building on this commanding location. Its present membership is 733, and its roll is larger, its activities fuller, and its resources greater than ever before in its history.

"It has had twenty-two ministers in the course of its long history. Abraham Pierson was one of the ministers of the first church and became the first president of Yale College. Among the later ministers of Greenwich have been Dr. Joel Linsley, who built the present Gothic structure and was president of Marietta College; the Rev. W. H. H. Murray, sometimes called "Adirondack" Murray from his writings on that region; and Dr. George A. Gordon, who spent his early life in the ministry here and was called to the Old South Church, Boston, where he served a notable ministry of more than forty years. Dr. Josiah Strong, author of the challenging volume called "Our Country," and Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie, essayist and editor of The Outlook, were prominent workers in the church.

"Some of the interesting events in the church's history have been a visit from George Whitefield in 1740, the ride of Gen. Israel Putnam in 1779, the visit of General Washington in 1781 when he commented on the beautiful view from the meeting house, the early Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of 1815, the Robert Raikes Sunday School established in 1816, General Lafayette's visit here in 1824, the first Home Missionary Society in 1829. The present church structure with its lofty stone spire was erected in 1856, Dr. Gordon's ministry began

in 1881, the old bell cracked for joy Armistice Day, 1918.

"This Second Church of Greenwich, established by independent farmers of the olden days, has sent out many ministers, missionaries, and teachers to various parts of the country and throughout the world. It has continuously given large gifts to missions and philanthropies, one of its members having left a legacy of half a million dollars to Home and Foreign Missions. It has trained men to fill the town offices with faithful and efficient service for the people, and has had a large share in legislative action in the State of Connecticut. In its religious thinking and life it has been independent and progressive, yet at the same time loyal to the spirit and history of the Pilgrim Fathers of 1620.

SOME HIGH LIGHTS IN OUR HISTORY

BY MISS JULIA E. BELL

"These are some of the facts. In 1700, Rev. Joseph Morgan came to Horseneck as its regular pastor. In 1704, the East and West Societies became distinct by mutual agreement and the vote of the town. In 1705, this agreement was confirmed by Governor Winthrop. Mr. Morgan was settled by the town and provision made for his support.

"And now let us give imagination full play and picture for ourselves that first meeting house. Summoned by the beating of the drum, let us approach the small square building. Its roof is high and pointed, its windows are covered with oiled linen owing to the scarcity of glass. Let us pass the armed guard, suggestive of Indians, and enter. No plaster on the walls, hard benches instead of cushioned pews. Though every inhabitant of the town be present, yet the proportion of church members is exceedingly small. The strongest churches in the colony have but 15 or 16. It is December, the historic month of our church, but there is no heat save in the foot stoves we

may have brought with us. 'Plain, unfurnitured and mean' though the structure be, yet there is satisfaction in every heart, joy on every face, the dream of years is fulfilled!

"Rev. Richard Sackett, already pastor when the first church home was dedicated, ministered eleven of the fourteen years the building was in use. At the end of about five years, records indicate that a new meeting house was in process of erection. Mr. Sackett died in 1727 and was succeeded by Rev. Stephen Munson, a young man fresh from his studies. Mr. Munson spent his short ministerial life of but two years in that first house.

"During his term our first church record was made, at least the first that has been preserved. It is of the baptism of Deliverance, son of Ebenezer Mead, May 24, 1728, followed by another record on October 20 of the same year, when 'Jonathan Hobby, Jonathan Hobby's wife, James Pratt, and the wife of Elnathan Mead owned ye covenant of ye church.'

"While still far from complete, the second church received as its pastor, the Rev. Abraham Todd, whose whole ministerial life was spent here, and whose pastorate of forty years was the longest which this church has enjoyed. His ashes rest in an unmarked grave in Union Cemetery.

"The church soon passed under the cloud of the Revolutionary War. One and another of its supporters were commissioned. Days of privation, almost of starvation, were bravely met and endured. For four years, the town was between the British and American lines. Robbery and wanton destruction were the order of the day. The minister was a paroled prisoner. The women and children who could leave went to Salem, N. Y., but at least one meeting a year was held through all those troubled times. After the war, the old church was still standing but the debt of 30 pounds was hopeless. Abraham Mead baked

a load of pottery, and sailing east, sold it on both sides of the Sound. The debt was thus paid.

"Into a new church, Dr. Isaac Lewis led his flock in January, 1799, three years before it was finished, for the old house was past service. Dr. Lewis resigned at the age of 72. Ten years, Dr. Lewis, Jr., served. Two years under Mr. Saxton and Mr. Judson follow. In 1830 began the six years' pastorate of Rev. Joel Mann. Between 1837 and 1845, Rev. Noah Coe, aided by Mr. Kinney, of Darien, admitted into fellowship more than 200. Then came Dr. Joel H. Linsley and later Rev. W. H. H. Murray. For a year, Rev. Frederick G. Clark served with marked success.

"For the first century it was one long struggle of earnest effort to establish here a church and maintain its services. In poverty, in peril, in war once and again, yet there was no wavering on the part of those little bands. To build three churches in that space of time called for self-denial that we know little of. This was their service to their day and generation."

THE FIFTY YEARS FROM 1856 TO 1901

BY THE LATE NELSON B. MEAD

It was on December 7th, 1852, that a committee was appointed to consider a new church building. The meetings of the Society, from the date of the appointment of this first committee until the final acceptance of the plans, April 11th, 1856, were many and long, judging from the minutes on the Society's records. It would be most interesting if there were time to follow in detail the perfecting of the plans that resulted in the building that has come down to us.

Starting as they did, with the idea of enlarging the old meeting house, we can almost hear them urging a new one to be built of wood and costing not more than

$15,000. Later, a stone building is mentioned, with slated roof and spire, its cost not to exceed $25,000. Listen, we can almost hear them reasoning. (I quote from the report of the committee as it appears on the records.) "We believe that the position we occupy renders it necessary for us to provide ample and inviting accommodations in order even to maintain our present strength and prosperity, and that with such accommodations we shall gain strength, and that the burden of supporting the gospel among us will not be increased, but will be materially lessened, and, further, that God will be honored and multitudes saved who might otherwise perish. With such views the committee feel that we ought not to hesitate, but go forward, and the blessing of God will surely attend us."

When the final vote was taken, April 11th, 1856, it stood twenty-eight for and six against. This action allowed an expenditure of $32,500, based upon bids which had been received upon the plans and specifications submitted. The lowest bidder was Robert W. Mead, a member of the Building Committee. A large proportion of those who voted in the minority, with others who did not vote, withdrew from the Society. Among them was my father, Augustus Mead.

When the stakes were set for the foundations, the Society met again and accepted the report of the Committee on Site. The old church had to be removed for the laying of the foundations of the present spire. It was, however, used by the congregation while blocked up, it having been moved only a sufficient distance to allow the new work to proceed. It was afterward placed at the northeast corner of Putnam Avenue and Sherwood Place, where it was burned July 4th, 1866, as is supposed, by a careless celebrator of the Nation's birth.

The corner stone of the new church, was laid on October 27th, 1856, by the Rev. Joel H. Linsley, pastor of the church. In it were placed a Bible, a hymn book then in use, a history of the church, the best extant, the Confession of Faith, the Church Covenant, Deacon Alexander Miln's letter presenting the corner stone and copies of the newspapers of that time. Dr. Joel Hawes of the Center Church, Hartford, made the address.

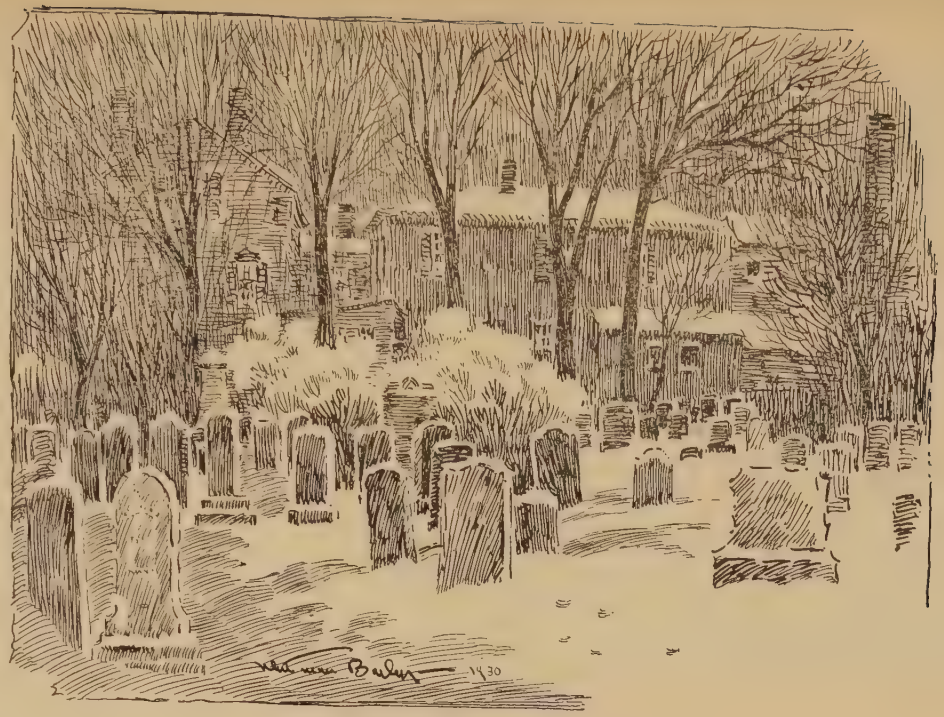
The stone used in the building was taken from a quarry in the woods of Mr. Fred. Mead on Davis Avenue.

When the foundations were ready for the floor timbers, Mr. Sanford Mead, who had the contract for doing the hauling, said to his son Alexander, "Now, Alexander, you are a younger man than I. Take the team and go down and draw the first load of lumber, that it may be said of you that you drew the first stick of timber for the church." This Mr. Mead did, unloading it on the parsonage lawn just south of where the well was.

But for two long years the congregation waited for the new church. Imagine, if you can, the life of the Building Committee during this time. Of them one who knew them says in a recent letter, "They were men who worked faithfully and well, amid discouragement and numerous vexations, bearing with, yet deeply feeling the criticisms made, but with an earnest purpose to succeed in the great undertaking, they went forward."

On October 28th, 1858, a meeting of the Society was held to take action concerning "the propriety of permitting an organ to be put up in the new meeting house." It was voted unanimously, "provided that it be done without expense to the Society."

December 8th, 1858, the new church was dedicated. The sermon, preached by Rev. Wm. B. Weed, of the First Church, Norwalk, Conn., was from the text,



THE ANCIENT GRAVEYARD BY THE CHURCH

"Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary" (Psalm 96:7). The spire was not completed until the year following. Mrs. Edward Mead laid the cap stone. Before the scaffold was taken down a party of eight ladies and gentlemen had supper on this unique spot, 212 feet from the ground.

The money necessary for the building was raised by several subscriptions. The total cost, as it appears upon the Society's records, was $46,300. They do not show who paid the difference between the contract price and the actual cost, but the statement has been made that the church was out of debt at the time of its dedication. The church is said to stand upon the highest ground distance from the Sound considered, between Boston and New York, the elevation being 180 feet.

The spire is, as has been said, 212 feet high, and is surmounted by a weather vane four feet long. It was always the Congregational custom to put vanes on the meeting house, as it was also their custom to perch the building on the top of the highest hill available. Our fathers did not realize, as we do, that they were placing this church upon the last foot hill of the Green Mountain Range, which stretches from here to Canada. The contrast in the landscape, as seen from the "territ" of that second church, and the bell deck of this one can perhaps be better imagined than described. We can but wonder if the fathers ever took the trouble to climb the primitive ladder and look out upon what then must have been an almost unbroken forest and an almost sailless Sound. Did they ever dream of the sight that awaits the one who cares to make the climb to where the great bell rolls off the passing hours? Forty miles of the ever busy Sound and the north shore of Long Island lie to the south. To the west lies Port Chester, long since outgrown its "Saw Pitts" days. King Street, along which

for several miles runs the State line, beyond which we get glimpses of Purchase, for so long a time the home of the Quakers. To the north, Quaker Ridge, Round Hill, Clapboard Ridge, and Stanwich give hints of the beauty of the landscape and the town from their commanding elevations; and on the east New Canaan, with its sightly and far reaching ridges, and Stamford, large and busy. Driving from Ridgefield and only a few miles this side, one can easily see this spire on any clear day. Before the city limits of Stamford on the Boston Post Road are passed, it comes into plain sight. As the railroad trains approach the Mianus River, if you look out of the windows to the right you may see it, and coming from the west on these same trains if you look out while rounding the curve at Rye, it is in sight again. From almost any elevation about the town it can be seen.

Leopold Eidlitz, of New York, a native of Prague, Bohemia, was the architect employed by the Building Committee. He was then a young man of about thirty-five years of age, and at the beginning of his career. The writer of a recent biographical sketch says of this architect: "Nobody who is intelligently interested in the progress of architecture in America can fail to be grateful for the contributions to its development that have been made by Leopold Eidlitz. He was employed as a draughtsman in the production of the designs for Trinity Church, which remains the most admirable church in New York, and which was the beginning in this country of the Gothic revival. As one of the pioneers in this movement, the architect of the old Produce Exchange, of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, St. George's Church, the Temple Emanuel, and the Capitol at Albany, is sure of an honorable place in the history of American architecture." But if he had done nothing else, this spire would in itself be a lasting memorial to his thought and

skill. For grace and symmetry in an ideal situation, where shall we find its equal?

Of the men who urged and worked for the stone building, I have been told that it was Mr. Button's influence more than any other that carried the day, but the completion of the work was undoubtedly due to the fidelity and self-sacrificing services of Mr. R. W. Mead, the chairman of the Building Committee. Certainly it was a great work for the comparatively small parish to undertake. No such building existed anywhere in those days outside of the largest cities. You may see in the Cathedral of St. Francis d' Assisi almost the detail to be found in the frame work of our windows here. The Cathedral was built in the 13th century, when Gothic architecture had reached its greatest development.

The Civil War followed close upon the completion of the building, and that this church made her sacrifices for the issues of human liberty and the preservation of the Union is testified to by the star standards placed over the graves lying within the shadow of this spire, of Daniel M., Thomas R. and Henry M. Mead, Caleb Holmes and William Long, together with others whose graves are more remote.

In 1863, Dr. Joel H. Linsley asked to be dismissed after a pastorate of fifteen years. The church made him pastor emeritus, and he lived here until his death in 1868. He, too, rests in the shadow of the spire which he saw built.

The 150th anniversary of the incorporation of this church was celebrated in 1866. Messrs. W. A. Howe, T. S. Pinneo, P. Button, D. S. Mead and Elkanah Mead were the committee of arragements. Dr. Linsley preached an historical sermon, which has been considered the most authentic history we have had down to the present time.

In 1868, the time of the afternoon service was changed to evening.

At a meeting of the Society, held Dec. 7th, 1869, it was voted that "some one be appointed to wait upon and give seats to the strangers that come to this house of worship."

March 4th, 1870, a church meeting was called to determine among other things, whether or no women had the right to vote. The moderator, Dr. Clark, then pastor, ruled that in view of the fact that he had found women voting at the beginning of his pastorate, the right was still theirs. On appeal he was sustained.

The resignation of Mr. Button as superintendent of the Sunday School was accepted March 3rd, 1871, after a continuous service of twenty-five years. It is worthy of note that in fifty-seven years the Sunday School has had but four superintendents. I wish it were possible to correctly estimate the value of such a life as Mr. Button's to the welfare of the community in which he lived.

No layman in all this later history of the church showed anything like his willingness and ability, united with progressiveness and prophetic instinct. I believe that although he has rested for many years in the shadow of this spire, which he was so anxious to have built, his influence is still felt among us.

In 1871, the Rev. Horace James was called to the pastorate.

It became necessary to produce a new bell in 1875, the old one having cracked after seventy-five years of continuous service. The new one, the money for which was raised by subscription, came from Baltimore, Md.

One-half the metal in the old bell was recast into another and was sent to Foo Chow, China. It arrived in the Fall of 1876, and was hung in the church of which Mrs. Helen Osgood was a member. She had

been a faithful worker in this church before she went with her husband to that distant station to help him in his medical missionary work, to which, after ten years of service, he gave his life. The expense of recasting and freight was borne by the Sunday Schools of Steep Hollow and our own. The rest of the metal was cast into small hand bells, and many of them are owned and still prized among us.

About the time that Mrs. Osgood went to China (1870) Miss Amelia Mead and Miss Amelia Knapp went South to teach the freedmen. Miss Knapp afterward went to South Africa as a teacher among the colored people. In the later history of the church three of our members have chosen the ministry as a profession, Mr. Albert Christy, Mr. Malan H. Wright and Mr. Benjamin M. Wright.

On April 3rd, 1881, thirty of our members left us to start the Presbyterian Church in this village. They were followed soon after by eleven more, including two deacons, one of whom was Superintendent of the Sunday School. On the whole the ultimate effect upon this congregation was less hurtful than was feared. It brought to the front young men who might otherwise have been content with a life of ease in Zion, and most deeply do we appeciate the expression of friendship and good will that has come to us from that sister church in these days of our rejoicing.

The Rev. Geo. A. Gordon was installed pastor in 1881. At that time the church was free from debt.

The organ was moved to the front of the church in 1882.

In 1886, Mrs. Jeremiah Milbank gave the tower clock. She lived on the estate opposite the church.

In 1889, Dr. Choate originated the church supper and roll call, which has become the "harvest home" of the church year.

Nov. 27, 1894, Chas. N. Mead, with others, was elected to the office of deacon in the church. There has always been a deacon in his family since its founding. He is the sixth in direct line. Deacon Ebenezer Mead was his great, great, great, grandfather.

On February 28, 1900, the Society voted to transfer its property to the Second Congregational Church after it should have become incorporated under the laws of the State of Connecticut. The necessary steps were taken, and the property was transferred in due time. Through all these years the Society had been the guardian of the church, and no doubt in these early days the church needed just such watch and care as were given it by direct legislation and town meeting resolutions. That it should in time have attained its majority and released its guardian was to be hoped for and expected.

The year 1901 will be known as the year in which we rebuilt the church.

At a business meeting of the church held a year ago in November, 1900 the Council was instructed to procure plans for the enlarging, reseating and relighting of the church. The Council appointed Mr. E. H. Baker, Mr. Edward Brush and myself a committee to employ Mr. Wilbur S. Knowles, of New York. Definite plans were submitted and unanimously approved at a church meeting called for the purpose on February 19th, 1901.

The windows, which have been so universally admired, were made possible by the legacy of Mrs. Jabez Mead, and were from the shops of Hausleiter and Company, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The pews were from the factory of the Dittmar Furniture Co., of Williamsport, Pa. They were especially designed for this church by the architect.

The organ was built by the Austin Organ Co., of Hartford, Conn., under the personal supervision of Mr. Austin, who is the inventor of the Austin Universal

wind chest system. Of this, and the Austin organ as a whole, the expert whose opinion the committee secured, said he considered that it more nearly approached the English-made instruments than any other built in this country. It has 1,944 pipes, and contains two and one-half miles of lead tubing, running from the console to the organs on either side. The electric motor that works the blower is enclosed in brick under the church parlors.

The new pulpit furniture was designed by Mr. Knowles and executed by the Hayden Co. of New York. It was given to the church by the ladies of the Sewing Class, and purchased with money raised by them at a fair held in the early summer.

Friends, the prophecy is only partially fulfilled. Here is the frame work for a masterpiece, a picture full of inspiration and ennobling life. Art critics never look at a frame. What they see is the result of the work put upon the canvass.

"Except the Lord built the house, they labor in vain that build it."

THE LAST THIRTY YEARS OR SO

FROM THE RECENT RECORDS OF THE CHURCH

Rev. Walter Manning Barrows, D. D., became pastor in 1898. His theological work had been done at Andover and Chicago Theological Seminaries. The Congregational Home Missionary Society sent him to Salt Lake City, Utah, with a parish there as large as all New England. His active service and statesmanlike grasp of conditions in that Morman territory, made him one of the builders of American civilization in that Rocky Mountain region. He also helped to organize Salt Lake Academy which eventually grew into a college. After these years in Utah, he gave seven years of active service to the administration work of the American Home Missionary Society. He married Miss Mary Dewey Jones of Saratoga whose

father was a distinguished Christian minister of Welsh ancestry and a superintendent of churches in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. Dr. Barrows was minister for ten years of the Second Congregational Church, Rockford, Illinois, before coming to Greenwich. His life and work as pastor in Greenwich was deeply appreciated but ended by his sudden death in 1899. A memorial sermon in his honor was preached in the Greenwich Church on October 1st, 1899, by his brother, Dr. John Henry Barrows, president of Oberlin College. This sermon was also repeated on October 23rd in Olivet, Michigan, before Olivet College of which Dr. Walter M. Barrows was a graduate. On November 5th the sermon was given again in the Second Congregational Church of Rockford, Illinois, of which Dr. Barrows was for ten years the pastor.

The first thirty years of the twentieth century brings a record of our church history that is interesting and important. Rev. Joseph H. Selden, D. D., served the church as pastor from 1900 to 1911. It was during his pastorate that the interior of the church was reconstructed in 1901 and the Memorial Chapel added in 1906. This Memorial Chapel was the gift of Mr. Edward Brush in loving memory of his wife, Susie Alice Brush. Mr. Brush gave twenty-five thousand dollars to the church for the purpose of building this memorial. It comprises a lecture room and a Memorial Chapel, both of which are used for Sunday School purposes. The Memorial Chapel is adorned with a beautiful mosaic of the resurrection angel, done by the Tiffany Company. A memorial pamphlet was printed on the occasion of the dedication of the Memorial Chapel April 14, 1907, giving the full history, and the story of our Sunday School from the beginning.

Rev. Charles F. Taylor succeeded Dr. Selden in 1912 coming from a pastorate at Westport, Connecticut. He

was a brilliant speaker and a devoted pastor. He was also very active and outspoken in town affairs and ambitious for reforms of various kinds. He served as pastor for more than four years until 1916. Since then he has become identified with the lecture field, taking up especially the subject of business efficiency and also practical psychology for health and success. His headquarters are in New York City.

After a year's interval, the present pastor, Rev. Oliver Huckel, S. T. D., became pastor on November 1st, 1917, and has to date served the church for twelve years,—years of perfect harmony, of steady growth, and of unusual prosperity. Dr. Huckel was born in Philadelphia, educated at the University of Pennsylvania, Boston, Oxford and Berlin, and served twenty-seven years in the pastorate in Massachusettes and Baltimore before coming to Greenwich. During his pastorate the church spire has been rebuilt at a cost of $64,000; the church organ has been reconstructed and enlarged at a cost of $6,500; the Pilgrim Memorial Fund has been increased by $15,000; the interior of the church has been entirely restored and redecorated at a cost of $67,000; the new church kitchen has been enlarged and re-equipped at a cost of $3,500 which included a special gift of $1,500 from Mrs. Helen A. Thompson; the social rooms have been refurnished; a group of seven memorial stained glass windows costing about $15,000 have been installed through the gift of Mr. Halsey W. Kent; the annual income of the church has been doubled; the benevolences have been increased five-fold; 406 new members have been received into the church during this present pastorate; and the two hundred and twenty-fifth Anniversary services have been held. For all the blessing that these years have brought us, and for all the good work that has been accomplished, we give our deepest gratitude to Almighty God.

The Sunday School for One Hundred and Thirteen Years

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

"Early Days of the Sunday School," based on the reports of Philander Button and others, was presented by Franklin G. Chapin, the present superintendent, at the Historical Field Day, May 3, as follows:

"In the summer and fall of 1816, Peter Lockwood, a student in theology, spent his vacation in Greenwich, and assisted the Rev. Isaac Lewis, D. D., in holding extra evening meetings in different parts of the parish. An unusual degree of religious interest was excited in connection with these meetings, and during the progress of the revival, the educational and spiritual interests of the children and youth began especially to be considered. In the middle of the religious interest in the spring of 1817, the original Sunday School of this congregation was organized.

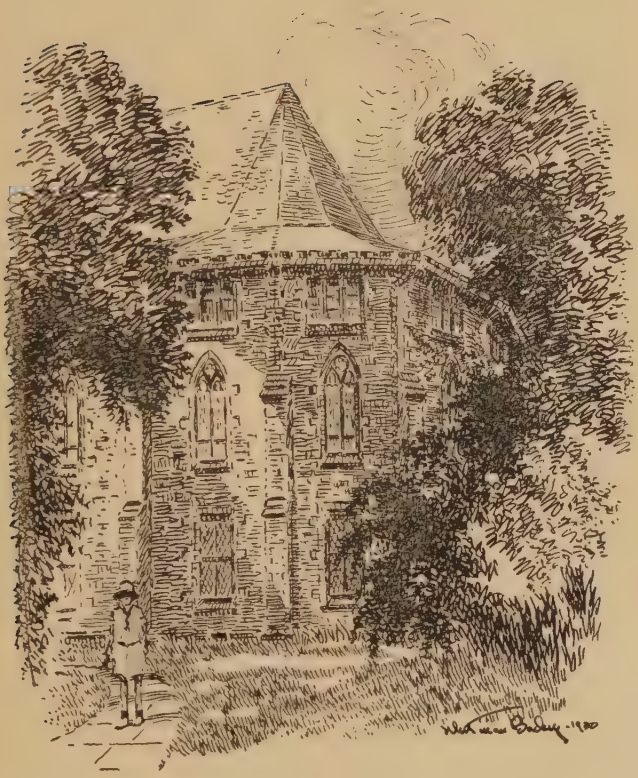
"There were at that time but few Sunday Schools in the country; none in this section of our own state. Still, the idea of this mode of reaching the children with religious influence and Bible instruction, springing from the success of the efforts of Robert Raikes and others, had begun to be discussed, and to find earnest advocates among the faithful workers for the good of souls. Miss Sarah Lewis, and Miss Cornelia Graham, it is believed,

first suggested the starting of a school among the children of this congregation. The school was organized with about 20 scholars; all young children. The first teachers were Miss Sarah Lewis, who was also superintendent; Miss Cornelia Graham, Miss Margaret Lewis, Miss Laura Howe, and Miss Alma Mead.

"At that time the idea of a Sunday School did not at first meet with very general favor, even among the members of the church. Some thought the teaching of children was secular work, and should not be done on the Sabbath day. Others, that there was great danger of their receiving improper instruction—a danger which has not altogether ceased even now. Others, that an unsanctified rivalry would be excited among the children, by the inducements held out to them for learning Scripture verses. But others, whose judgment may have been somewhat influenced by personal convenience and pecuniary interest, favored the school very much, on the ground that it would keep the boys out of their orchards during Sabbath noons, and prevent mischievous depredations, which were often too great even for their pious equanimity to bear.

Early Superintendents

"The following list embraces the names of the early superintendents of the school since its organization, and the order of their appointment: Miss Sarah Lewis, William Lester, Mason Grovenor, William Bushnell, William B. Sherwood, Rev. Elam Clark, Rev. Joel Mann, Jonas Mead, and Philander Button. To no one of the officers does this school, today, owe so large a debt of gratitude, as to its principal originator and first superintendent, Miss Sarah Lewis. From the day of its organization, in 1817, to the day of her death, November 14, 1860, she filled the office of principal or assistant superin-



THE PARISH HOUSE FROM THE CHURCH LAWN

tendent. Always in her place, always judicious in her management, kind, affectionate, self-sacrificing and sincere in all her department, she won the confidence and love of the school, and by her teaching and example 'allured to brighter worlds, then led the way.' "

THE SCHOOL FROM 1900 TO THE PRESENT

BY FRANKLIN G. CHAPIN

It is my privilege, as Superintendent of our Sunday School, to present an historical sketch of its history from the days of its founder, Miss Sarah Lewis, in 1817 to the present year, 1930. This article includes the report of Deacon Philander Button read before the Church on the occasion of its 150th Anniversary in 1867, and also in part an historical sketch of the Sunday School written by Miss Susan Mead at the dedication of the Memorial Chapel in 1907 and other available records.

This work has been extremely pleasant for me for I first became associated with our Sunday School 38 years ago as a pupil and have served since as a teacher, Assistant Superintendent, Acting Superintendent and for the last eleven years as Superintendent of the school. During these years and as I have read over the records of bygone days I have never failed to be impressed by the earnest Christian spirit, broad mindedness and intense loyalty to the history and traditions of our grand old Church on the part of our teachers and all associated with it.

The historical sketch of the Sunday School by Deacon Philander Button written 63 years ago has preceded my brief sketch.

The years following Mr. Button's administration were marked by a natural growth in the membership of our School. The men who held the office of Superinten-

dent were exceedingly able men with the best interests of the School and the Church at heart.

Philander Button himself was an able organizer, a man qualified both intellectually and spiritually to lead and instruct. He dignified the office for nearly thirty years. One of his earliest annual reports contains a sorrowful statement of the spiritual condition of the School, not one having united with the Church during the year and closes with an eloquent appeal to the Church to pray that the teachers and officers of the School may be spiritually quickened. Mr. Button also bore a large part in the beginnings of the Steep Hollow Sunday School.

Deacon Moses Cristy followed Deacon Button as Superintendent and served the School for 12 years. He was elected in December, 1870. In his report of January 30th, 1880, he states that the roll of the School was as follows,—Officers 7, men teachers 10, women 29, girls and boys 311, whole number in the school 357. Average attendance 212. His report further states "We have used the uniform lesson and the question book of the American Sunday School Union and consider it the best question book we have ever used. Our teachers' meetings have been held on Sabbath mornings in the Chapel as has been the custom for nearly 40 years. Another teachers' meeting has been held by our pastor on Thursday evenings at half past six in the reception room—the attendance has been very few at either one." It is interesting to compare our own records of today with those of fifty years ago. Today we have 232 officers, teachers and scholars, not including the Home Department and the Cradle Roll, and an average attendance of 190. Teachers' meetings the second Tuesday of each month with an average attendance of fifty percent. of our teachers present at these meetings. A group of thirty young people united with our Church this year. It is a matter of encouragement today

to compare these figures. We are not losing ground. Much was made of the Sunday School Library in those days. Records show that we had a library of 1000 volumes.

We find the Sunday School taking the responsibility of our evening service the second Sunday of each month with a Sunday School concert largely attended during the 70's and early 80's. The Sunday School Picnic, attended by the Church members as well as the School. 300 people or more, were at the gatherings which were held at Field Point and other places. These were events lookd forward to and thoroughly enjoyed.

Deacon George H. Mills succeeded Deacon Cristy as Superintendent in 1882. He came into office at a time when the Church had been split by the secession of a number of members to form a Presbyterian Church—a critical period in our Church life. His work as Superintendent was outstanding. A man of sterling character, he rallied the school and teachers together and carried them through these trying times of reconstruction. It was during the 80's that the School reached its highest peak of membership with an average attendance of 235 and a membership of over 430. It was during these years that such teachers as George H. Ray, Miss Annie Button, Mrs. Henry Webb and Miss Bell came into the School —a wonderful group. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie organized a Young People's Society, the forerunner of our Christian Endeavor and Young People's Fellowship which met Sunday evenings before the service. He also organized a young men's Bible class which had such a marked influence on the spiritual life of the young men of the community. Mr. Henry Dayton organized his adult class during the later 80's. He was beloved by all who knew him and had a real influence on all our young people who came in contact with him.

Mr. Nelson B. Mead was elected Superintendent in

1890—a far sighted progressive man, his heart and soul were in his work and he obtained splendid results. The Blakesley Lesson Helps were introduced into the School also, the latest and most progressive curriculum at that time. Our Primary Department was organized as such in 1897, with Miss Jennie Dayton as its first Superintendent. It had formerly been known as the Infant Class and had been taught at different times by Miss Amanda Mead, Miss Kellogg, Miss Bell and Mrs. Zophar Mead. The following succeeded Miss Dayton at the head of the Primary Department. Mrs. Walter M. Anderson, Mrs. Hamilton M. Brush, Mrs. Sarah Holly, Miss Nielson, Mrs. Bradford Mix, Miss Marion Mead and the present Superintendent, Miss Agnes Close. It was on February 2nd, 1896, that the largest attendance in the history of the school was recorded—314. This record has never been surpassed. The first missionary meeting of the missionary department of the Sunday School was held on November 12th, 1896.

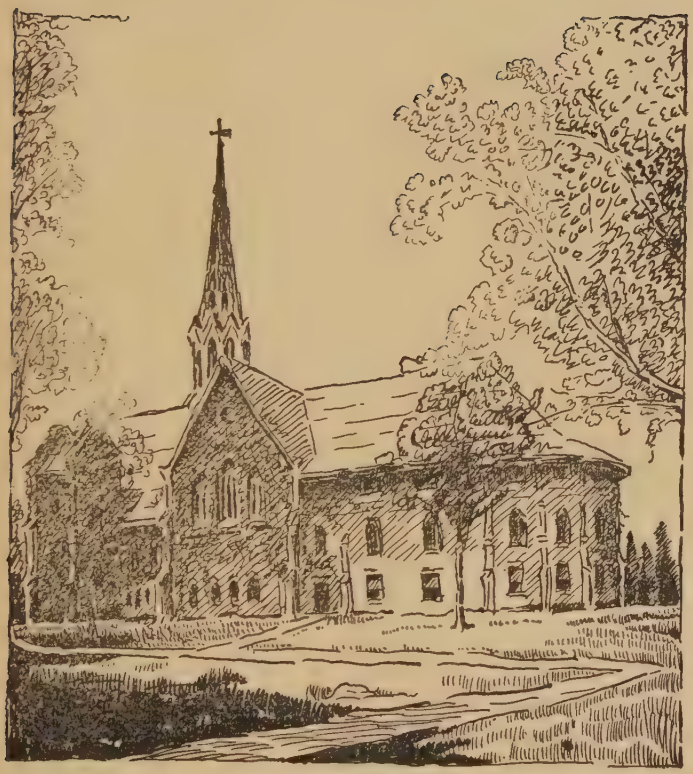
Mr. Newton B. Hobart followed Mr. Nelson Mead as the superintendent of the school. Mr. Hobart, principal of the high school and later of the Greenwich Academy, a trained teacher, was especially fitted for this work. During his administration the work of the Home Department was strengthened and systematized and Mr. Hobart found time in spite of his other duties to teach a class in Bible history.

Mr. Charles N. Mead succeeded Mr. Hobart. The school by this time had outgrown its quarters and in 1906 Mr. Edward Brush offered to build for us, as a memorial to his wife, Susie A. Brush, the beautiful memorial chapel which we now occupy. This gift was accepted by the church and in 1907 the work was completed and the chapel dedicated on April 14th, with a beautiful service of worship. A former beloved pastor of

our church, the Rev. George A. Gordon, D. D., pastor of the Old South Church of Boston, preached the sermon. In an address delivered by Mr. Mead on this occasion of dedication, he pointed out the need of trained leadership on a full time basis in the school, and urged the church to employ a paid superintendent who would give his entire time to the work, providing of course, the right type of man was available. The church followed Mr. Mead's suggestion and in December, 1909, Mr. W. A. Hamlin succeeded him as superintendent.

The Sunday School during the years 1910 to 1917 was under the leadership of paid superintendents, who devoted almost their entire time to this work. The Rev. W. R. Hamlin, who left us in 1912, to take a church in Vermont, was followed by the Rev. T. R. Faville. He made a splendid record in the school. He set a high standard of what trained Christian leadership can do, when a superintendent is able to give his entire time to the work. He was most efficient. In 1911 we began holding Sunday School before church for the first time, a custom which we have carried on down to the present day. Mr. Faville encouraged modeling and note-book work in connection with the lessons. Special summer courses of three months were held each year, devoted to study of missionary countries. The junior choir, the Knights of King Arthur, and a teachers' course in Bible study for thirteen weeks were some of the events of Mr. Faville's administration.

Mr. Francis Whiting followed Mr. Faville to be succeeded in turn by Mr. W. A. Waterman. In 1917 Mr. W. C. Rungee was elected superintendent. It was in December, 1917, that Miss Alfreda Abrams completed her remarkable record of 17 years perfect attendance, and this was in the days when Sunday School was held 12 months of the year.



THE CHURCH FROM THE PARSONAGE

A Sketch by the Pastor

From 1916 to 1917 the Church was without a Pastor, and as was only natural, attendance in the Sunday School as well as in the Church fell off. These were the early days of the War. We were indeed fortunate when Dr. Huckel and his family came to us in the fall of 1917. With all his splendid ability as a leader, personal magnetism and deeply religious nature, Dr. Huckel threw himself into the work of reorganization and the change was almost instantly apparent, not only in the church, but in the Sunday School. In April, 1918, the Boy Scout Troop No. 9, Greenwich Council, Boy Scouts of Ameria, was organized by Dr. Huckel and myself. I served as Scoutmaster for the first six years of the troop's existence. This troop is the oldest troop in our town today in point of continual service and has always been among the first in efficiency and esprit de corps. It has ever been a help in the Sunday School because of its loyalty and spirit as an organization. The scoutmasters following me in the 12 years of the troop's history are: Thomas Willetts, George Dodge, Ogden Bigelow, Edwin Lewis, Whitman Reynolds and Haldane J. Huckel, the present scoutmaster.

In January, 1919, Mr. Rungee resigned as superintendent and I succeeded him serving as acting superintendent until December, 1919, when I was elected superintendent of the school, an office I have held for eleven years. The need was still felt for trained leadership and in 1920 Mr. Albert P. LaRosa, Boys' Secretary of the Greenwich Y. M. C. A., came to us on part-time as director of religious education. Mr. LaRosa assisted in the platform work, conducted a teachers' training class, taught other classes from time to time, and helped revise the curriculum of the school. He was with us for five years. In 1927, Miss Louise Wrockloff, formerly of Kobe College, Japan, served with us for two years, as

Director of Religious Education Education. In 1929 she organized a troop of Girl Scouts, which has been very successful. She was helped in this work by Miss Mildred Mead and Mrs. Frank Carpenter, the present Scout leaders. We began also our present system of holding the opening service of worship in the Church from 9:40 until 10:00.

The last ten years have been marked by a spirit of loyal co-operation and harmony on the part of the pastor, superintendent, officers and directors and teachers. Meetings of our teachers and directors have been held each month and have been largely attended. We have become well acquainted with each other at these meetings. The discussions have been frank and the criticism helpful. The spirit of Christmas and Easter have been exemplified by pageants and entertainments, keeping alive the traditions of our religion and our Church. Some of our most noteworthy pageants of recent years are the "Triumph of Peace" in 1918; the "Pageant of the Bible," June, 1920; the "A Glimpse of the Carpenter Shop at Nazareth," December, 1926; the "Christmas Wreath" in 1927; "30 Years After" in 1928, and "Feeding the Sacred Flame" in 1929. With the exception of the last two, these were all written by our pastor, Dr. Oliver Huckel.

The Cradle Roll under the leadership of Mrs. Margaret Seymour Lounsbury has had a party each year, well attended. The Primary Department with Miss Agnes Close as superintendent is most efficiently managed. It is growing each year. She is assisted by Mrs. Howard Danard, Miss Alice Howe, Mrs. William Bridge, Miss Mildred Mead and others. On the first Sunday of each month they meet with us in the Church for our service of worship. This is Dr. Huckel's Sunday in the school and he preaches a children's sermon, which young and old alike can remember. Missionary Sundays are observed

each month as in the past. Our school has always contributed its Sunday offerings to Home Missions, averaging close to $900 per year for years. Our Missionary pastors and their families are not forgotten at Christmas time and a special offering is sent each year to some worthy charity, such as the "Carpenter's Shop at Nazareth." It is a great matter of encouragement to us in the school that in each of the past ten years a group of young people have united with the church; thirty this year, seventeen in 1929, and others each year. This year's group of 30 is the largest in the history of the school.

No general history of the Church and School would be complete without mention of the work done by Miss Julia Bell. We all love her. She has taught an adult Bible class for years and is an inspiration to the school.

The quality of teaching is just as important in the Sunday School as in the day school. There never has been a greater need in the Protestant Church for trained leadership and for real religious education of the right kind than at present and happily our Churches recognize this and teaching religion in the Sunday School has become a great opportunity.

It has been a real pleasure indeed to me to have had the opportunity of reading our these old records, expressing as they do, the years of faithful service, loyalty and genuine love on the part of our officers and teachers for our dear old Church. I am proud to think that I have had an opportunity of serving it as Superintendent. I am proud to think that it has never gone backwards. That each successive superintendent has had ideals for the School, and striven to attain them honestly and loyally. God grant that those that come after us, our sons and daughters, may have the same love and veneration for our Church, our School and all that they stand for.

THE WOMEN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY FOR ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN YEARS

The detailed history of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was given by Miss Harriet L. Reynolds, the president, in brief, as follows:

"The first organized woman's society in our church of which there is any record was the Female Foreign Missionary Society which came into existence on April 5, 1815, shortly after the formation of the American Board. Mrs. Ruth Mead was the first president. There is an interesting reminiscence in connection with the first roll of worthy members and that is that twenty-five of these women, as nearly as can be ascertained, have descendants who are members of this society today.

"The first annual gathering was held June 6, 1815, at the house of Dr. Lewis on the northern corner of Putnam Avenue and Lafayette Place and continued to be held there until 1840 after which the meetings were held at the parsonage. In 1847, $50 was paid by the ladies to constitute Rev. Ebenezer Mead an honorary member of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, organized in 1812.

"The report of 1856 records the building and fitting out of the missionary packet ship, Morning Star, by the children of our land. On the 14th of June, 1836, Miss Caroline Knapp with thirty others bade adieu to friends and native land and embarked for the Sandwich Islands.

She was, we understand, one of the five who went in this missionary company from North Greenwich. She afterwards married Mr. Dole and became the stepmother of Hon. Sanford Dole, first president of the Hawaiian Republic. In October, 1869, Helen Cristy, a member of our church, was ordained a missionary of the American Board and with her husband, Dr. Osgood, sailed for China. When one of our own number consecrated herself to Foreign Missions, China and other heathen countries did not seem so far away.

"February 11, 1870, the ladies met at the residence of Mrs. Cristy and organized an auxiliary to the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, the first one in Connecticut. For twenty years, Mrs. Hubbard continued the efficient president. At the 100th anniversary, November 10, 1915, historical papers, prepared by Mrs. Washington Choate and Miss Amelia Mead were read. Interdenomination mission study classes were held at the Presbyterian Church during the winters of 1914 and 1916. Seventy famous foreign missionaries have visited our auxiliary, among them the distinguished women, Dr. Gurabai Karmarkar, of Bombay, India; Miss Lillian Pickin, Madura, India; and Dr. Mary Cushman, of West Central Africa; Rev. Lewis Hodous, of Fouchow, China.

"In November, 1917, thirteen delegates attended the Foreign Jubilee meeting of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions held in Boston. In May, 1921, sixteen of our women were present at the 50th anniversary of the New Haven Branch of the Woman's Board in New Haven. We have entertained the auxiliaries of Fairfield County seven times during these years. From 1815 to 1930 the women have contributed $14,904.98 to Foreign Missions. Extra gifts and boxes of clothing and linen have been sent to missionaries and to hospitals in the Far East.

"At a special meeting in February, 1925, six members

Mesdames Oliver Huckel, Elbert Mills and Edward Holley, Misses Julia Mead, Mildred Mead and Harriet Reynolds, who went 'round the World,' told of their visits to Yenching College, Peking, China; Kobe College, Kobe, Japan; Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, India, and the Lee Memorial School at Calcutta, India.

"On December 12, 1920, Mrs. James R. Mead presented to the society a missionary service flag, containing eleven stars, nine gold and two silver, representing the missionaries from the Second Congregational Church in Greenwich. Rev. Fred R. Bunker enlisted our interest in Kamba Simango, a gifted young African who is the product of American Board mission stations in Africa. Our church members purchased 127 acres at $4 per acre, a portion of a large tract in Portuguese East Africa, to be used for educational, agricultural and evangelistic work.

"The following presidents have given their untiring devotion to the work of the society since 1870: Mrs. L. P. Hubbard, 1879-1890; Mrs. Washington Choate, 1890-1897; Mrs. Benjamin P. Brush, 1897-1905; Miss Amelia Mead, 1905-1911; Miss Julia E. Bell, 1911-1927; Miss Harriet L. Reynolds, 1927-now president. Miss Hannah H. Mead gave 18 years of faithful service as vice-president. Mrs. Augustus I. Mead, our present treasurer, has given a long and devoted service of 26 years, February, 1904, to February, 1930.

"These years of continuous and faithful services on the part of officers and the many faithful members, always ready to do their part in 'carrying on,' make us feel thankful and proud of our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. It is a matter of profound gratitude on our part that we stand in the places and continue the labors of those faithful women, who one hundred and fifteen years ago banded themselves together in their efforts to carry the gospel to the whole world."

THE STILLSON SOCIETY FOR ONE HUNDRED AND ONE YEARS

The history of the Stillson Society was presented by Miss Susan H. Mead, the secretary. In part, it read:

"This society was organized at the Richard Mead homestead in August, 1829. The organizers were largely pupils of the late Elizabeth Stillson, who had previously taught a private school in town, and the society was named in her honor. Money was raised by the sale of hand made articles. Quilts were pieced and quilted daintily. The first money raised was sent to aid Greece but they soon began to contribute to the American Home Missionary Society and in the busy years, which now count to over one hundred, the society has given over $52,465 to Home Missionary work.

"The work has been social as well as missionary. For many years suppers were served in the various homes, but more recently have been given at the church. In 1903 the society assumed the salary of the pastor of the church at Fort Worth, Texas. As that church came to self-support, we contributed to the church at Houston, and are now interested in the San Antonio church, with Dr. Harrison as our Home Missionary pastor. Thus the Lone Star State has now three churches in which we have had a vital interest.

"We have had many faithful presidents and secretaries, but the history of our treasury is especially interesting. The treasurers are Miss Mary Mason, 1829-1834;

Miss Sarah Lewis, 1834-1854; Mrs. Edward Mead, 1854-1884; Miss Catherine M. Mead, 1884-1921; Mrs. Amos H. Mead, 1921, who is still serving.

"Our 100th anniversary found us active and efficient. The annual fair has been one of our special features and the recent one was most attractive and a great financial success, netting $1,706.34. The work goes on with increasing interest and devotion on the part of the members of today."

OTHER SOCIETIES AND HELPERS

BY THE PASTOR

We have chronicled the history of the church, and the stories of its three auxiliaries, each covering over a hundred years of faithful and honorable service.

But we have also other workers in the church to be thankful for,—the other splendid societies and enthusiastic helpers that have come within the last hundred years, and some of them very recently, that are a part of our rejoicing at this Anniversary. We are thankful for the 406 new members who have come to strengthen our rangs during the present pastorate. This church owes much to their loyalty and work. The Woman's Guild, only eight year's old, is most energetic and efficient. It has had three presidents so far: Mrs. Henry Carson, Jr., Mrs. Henry M. Brooks, and Mrs. George F. Thomson. It has already done most needed and remarkable work for the church. The Men's Club gathers together for social dinners and discussions, a fine group of our representative men. Its presidents have been: Sanford Robinson, Andrew H. Melville, George E. Carmichael, Dr. Henry Carson, Jr., and Edward McFarlan. The Boy Scouts are a lively group of thirty or more of our most enterprising boys; the Girl Scouts are also a fine company of workers; and the Boys' Cub Group is training the younger boys. The

Young People's Fellowship is a most promising group, meeting on Sunday evenings for social suppers and discussions; other groups such as the Leper Mission and the Grenfell Association are doing fine service. All the church officers of the past and of today, the leaders of our ministry of music, and every contributor and helper in our congregation and among our friends are included in our thanksgiving at this Anniversary season. Nor do we forget our foreign missionaries of many names and lands, especially Rev. William H. Topping of China, and Dr. Hiram Harrison of Texas, who are representatives of our church in these far distant fields of our service.

Personally I have known three of the former pastors, —Dr. Gordon, Dr. Selden, and Rev. Charles F. Taylor. I remember well Dr. Josiah Strong, and Hamilton W. Mabie, editor of "The Outlook." Among the parishioners there stand out such names as Edwin H. Baker and Edward Brush, gentlemen of the old school, close friends, lovers of flowers, stalwart supporters of the church; Alexander Mead, Eliphalet Husted, and George H. Mills, native stock, genuine New Englanders; and Henry Dayton, grand old man of Greenwich, keeping young and vigorous to the age of 92, interested and active in education and religion. There have always been a large group of noble women such as: Miss Catherine M. Mead, loyal worker through the years; Mrs. Nathaniel Webb, sweet singer, cordial helper, lovable and faithful friend. These and others served God cheerfully, and their memory is as sweet fragrance.

These all are an integral part of our history and they share loyally in our Anniversary and we count them among our best working forces and thank God for them. We record our sincere appreciation of them all in this Anniversary volume.

Special Articles

SOME TRIBUTES TO DR. LINSLEY

Dr. Linsley was pastor of this church from 1847 to 1863. He had previously been pastor at the Second Church, Hartford, and at Park Street Church, Boston, and had been president of Marietta College in Ohio. He lies buried in the graveyard beside the church. A tall monument records his services.

It was during his pastorate and largely through his knowledge of affairs and his broad experiences, and his wise counsel that the great Gothic structure was erected in 1856-58, which we now occupy.

Dr. Linsley preached the Commemorative Discourse in 1858 on the occasion of meeting for the last time in the old house of worship, and he also delivered the Historical Discourse in 1866 at the one hundred and fiftieth Anniversary Service. These are both very valuable records of our history, replete as they are with historical information and reminiscence. He tells however so little of himself in these discourses, that the following tributes to him, never hitherto published, will be appreciated as they are now made a part of our records.

LETTER TO MISS BELL FROM WILLIAM A. HOWE

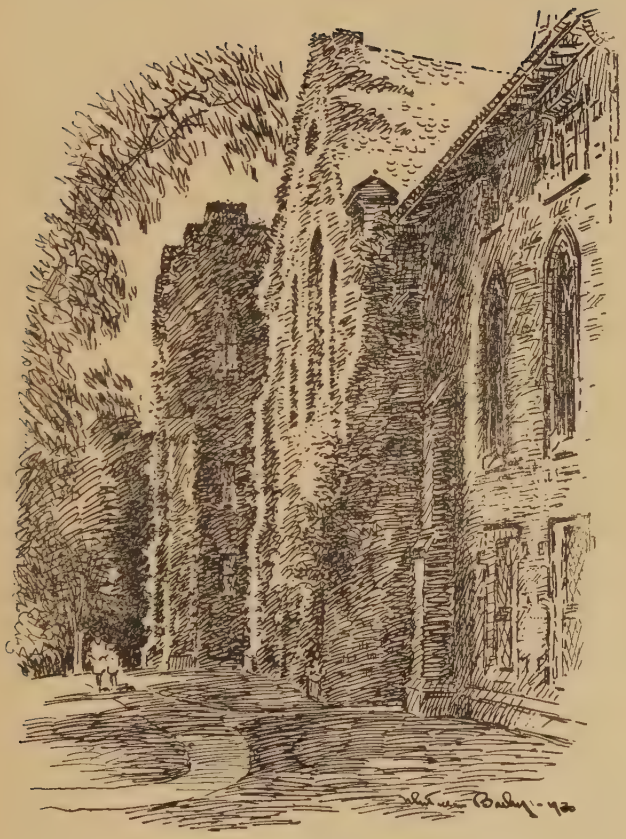
In regard to Dr. Linsley's connection with the building of the church. It was evident to Dr. Linsley and to

others that a larger edifice was needed. There were some families who could not obtain sittings, and Dr. Linsley seeing the need, began to urge the erection of a new house. The railroad had just been completed and if the church was to grow something must be done. Dr. Linsley was not alone in urging the matter, although some thought the old house in good enough shape to last a century yet. I think there was a general sentiment in favor of building. A movement was made proposing a new wooden church and using the old church for a chapel and Sunday School room. I think the cost was to be about twenty thousand dollars.

Some leading men in our Society however proposed to have our new building of stone. It was so voted by the Society. Mr. Button, Mr. Sanford Mead, Mr. Robert Mead, and my father Nehemiah Howe, were strongly in favor of it, as were others.

Robert W. Mead, Nehemiah Howe, and Joshua Reynolds were chosen Building Committee, and so the work proceeded to its completion. It was with great satisfaction on his coming home one day, my father said he had been to the top of the spire and sat upon the top stone. He did not go alone, Mr. Robert W. Mead was with him, but it was quite a climb for a much younger man. I think Mr. Button with Dr. Linsley had much to do in their personal influence in the erection of the church.

As to Dr. Linsley's standing as a minister, I may say that he was recognized as one of the prominent ministers in the Congregational body, and was called to important Councils outside the local Consociation. His knowledge of civil law and of ecclesistical usage rendered his opinion of great value. As a preacher his sermons were excellent and of a remarkable uniform quality,—always good. One member of the church said that when Dr. Linsley took off his glasses, he knew there was something



THE TOWER FROM THE CHURCH LAWN

good coming. When giving an illustration, he almost always removed his glasses.

It is enough to say that his minstry in two of the strong Congregational Churches—the South Church in Hartford, and Park Street Church in Boston shows his standing, as well as did his College Presidency at Marietta.

Resigning the presidency of Marietta College, he accepted a call to Greenwich, and was installed by Fairfield West Consociation December, 1847.

Dr. Linsley won the hearts of many of the young people of his church in Greenwich. A young peoples' meeting, held on Monday evenings, was established and continued during his ministry, and while Dr. Linsley took a great interest in it, he would only look in on it, leaving the management of it entirely to the young people. He was the prime mover in the establishment of a library for the young people of the church and congregation. Books were drawn Monday and Thursday evenings. It was really the nucleus and beginning of the Greenwich Public Library to which its books were transferred. When Dr. Linsley came to Greenwich, both the Fairfield West Ministerial Association and the Consociation were dominated by four ministers, strong men, against whose opinions lesser and younger men could not say a word. But Dr. Linsley came in, the peer of these men, but not always siding with them.

In the Bushnell controversy Dr. Linsley was not in sympathy with the opponents of Dr. Bushnell, and there were those in the local Association who joined him in protest against the memorial to the General Association of Connecticut from Fairfield West asking for action for heresey against Dr. Bushnell.

Dr. Bushnell was not convicted of heresey.

Dr. Linsley married Pheobe Henderson Smith of

Hartford, mother of Dr. Henry Smith a most talented preacher and professor in Lane Theological Seminary, and of Dr. Albert Smith, pastor of a church in Vernon, Connecticut, when that was a large and strong church. Dr. Arthur H. Smith, Missionary in China, is his son.

AN APPRECIATION BY REV. EDWIN P. PARKER OF SECOND CHURCH, HARTFORD

Rev. Joel Harvey Linsley, D. D., was born in Cornwall, Vermont, July 15, 1790. His father was Hon. Joel Linsley who went from Woodburn, Conn., to Cornwall in 1775, was town clerk from the organization of the town until his death, represented the town for several years in the State Legislature, and was chief Judge of the County Court.

Joel Harvey Linsley was the fourth of eight children, and one of his brothers, Charles Linsley, Esq., was a lawyer in Vermont.

He fitted for college under Rev. Jedediah Bushnell, pastor of the church at Cornwall, and at Addison County Grammar School, was graduated at Middlebury College in 1811; taught one year in Windsor, studied law at Vergennes with David Edmond, Esq., was two years tutor at Middlebury, completed his legal studies, was admitted to the bar in 1815, and practiced the legal profession until 1821.

At that time he felt constrained to enter the ministry, and studied theology at Middlebury and Andover. Having spent a year in Missionary work in South Carolina, he came to Hartford, and was pastor here for eight years. When he was dismissed and became pastor of the Park Street Church in Boston in 1832. In 1833 he was chosen president of Marietta College, Ohio. In 1846 he became the pastor of the Congregational Church in Greenwich,

Conn., and continued there until his death, which occurred on Sabbath morning, March 22, 1868.

When Mr. Linsley began in Hartford the church numbered 140. During his ministry the membership greatly increased. In 1827 more than 50 and in 1831 nearly 90 persons united with the church. And in other years the additions were numerous. His labors were abundantly fruitful in spiritual results. Some who then united with the church are still living here (1892), and many whom the present members remember as most exemptory and efficient in their Christian life and service were gathered into the church under his ministry. It is not easy to understand how a minister so godly, able, and successful could have been allowed to leave this Hartford church. Dr. Bacon said of him, in 1870, that of all the men whom he had familiarly known, "Joel Harvey Linsley was most manifestly characterized by godly sincerity, by simplicity, grave and sweet . . . by all spiritual graces adoring and sanctifying the native strength of a mind well disciplined in various studies."

Of his excellent wife Dr. Bacon wrote in the "Religious Herald" in 1870, "She was one of the best specimens of a good pastor's wife that Connecticut ever furnished. She did almost as much for the Lord as did her devoted husband, and her memory is embalmed in the hearts of a large number of our citizens."

SOME MEMORIES BY DR. J. F. TUTTLE, PRESIDENT OF WABASH COLLEGE

Forty-eight years ago I first saw President Linsley. He was then forty-seven years old. His dark hair was becoming dashed with gray. His black eyes were lighted with an unusual brilliancy when interested in conversation or preaching. It was my first interview with a Col-

lege President. Then and always in his best moods his face was illumined by the goodness of his heart. It was the winning face of a man whose piety had not been soured by false notions of the badness of people in general and the virtue of himself in particular. Religion in his manners and words was savored with sweetness. Sometimes, as when preaching in the great revival that shook the College in the spring of 1839, he was electrical with the intense interest that spoke in his tones, his gestures, and his looks. He then seemed inspired and his appeals were quite irresistible.

Dr. Linsley was able in the class room, but his true throne was the pulpit. In both positions he did a great work for this College. A man of no mean intellect, his greatest power was his transcendant goodness. In the class room, or the social circle, preaching or traveling, this quality controlled him.

I recall this incident. He was returning to Marietta at the close of his summer vacation. The river was very low and at Wheeling he found a small stern wheel boat, and it was Friday. The captain assured him he would reach Marietta the next morning and so the Doctor went aboard. The boat got aground so often that when Saturday night came it was still twenty-five miles to Marietta. Against the remonstrations of the captain and the passengers he was taken to the shore with his trunk and landed where there was not a house in sight. But he soon found a house and sent for his trunk. True to his calling he asked the farmer to circulate word that the next day he would preach at his house. He was hardly settled in his quarters when he found a Marietta hack bound for home which he engaged to stay with him until Monday morning, and after having rested the Sabbath according to the commandment, he rode home. He had gone only a few miles when he overtook the steamer

he had left, hopelessly stuck fast on a sand-bar, and her passengers making their way to Marietta afoot the best they could.

Let me add an incident which shows his virtue mixed with humor. Once he was taking that dreary ride in the stage coach frome Zanesville to Marietta, and the coach was upset to the slight injury of some of the passengers. A flask of brandy was furnished the Doctor whose arm was severely bruised. Before using it for his own relief, he bathed the wounds of several, but when he came to a man who was hurt but whose conversation and manners before the accident showed that he had been drinking, the Doctor remarked, 'You do not need any outward application. You already have as much in you as you can stand."

My last interview with Dr. Linsley was at Greenwich. He was then a hale active man of seventy-five years. To me it was a memorable visit. My venerable president received me as a son, and let his good heart overflow in benedictions on the College and its friends and its alumni. And he talked of his church, and his work, and his plans, with all the enthusiasm of a young pastor. And then with his youthful step he led the way up into the tower of his new church. No doubt he had been there before, but as he looked out upon the magnificent view of the towns and farms and hills and vales, along which were gleaming the waters of Long Island Sound, he spoke of the sight with all the fervor of a boy. As he stood there that day, his kindly face all aglow with delight, he left on my memory a picture which shall never be dimmed if my filial affection can keep it bright.

DR. GORDON IN GREENWICH

BY THE PASTOR

The good people of the Old South Church in Boston have possibly never fully understood or appreciated how much they owe the parish of Greenwich in Connecticut for its unique part in the preparation and education of Dr. Gordon for his larger work in Boston.

These were his three years in Arabia, such as St. Paul had in preparation for his work, or it was the exile on the isle of Patmos where he saw visions and received revelations. Only it was not a wilderness of "Arabia deserta" nor was it a rocky mount desert. It was, as he described it, a lovely parish, a garden spot of New England, a community of healthy-minded, independent, God-fearing folk in the suburbs of the world-city of New York.

Dr. Gordon is his chapter on the Greenwich pastorate, in his autobiography bears tribute to what it meant in his life. He says for instance, that it *was a blessing to his physical health.* Here, after his strenuous college work, "weary in body and worn in nerves," for he did four years work in two,—a Herculean task,—he recovered himself and stored up energy for his later work. For these three years in Greenwich, he was on horseback, or in his buggy a part of every day in the open, in God's blessed out-doors. Four hundred calls a year with a horse that had a 2.40 record.

Further, Greenwich gave him a *great vital outlook* on real life. He came into contact with God's poor—"a heroic class," he calls them—"the finest of the unconquerable."

And also here for the first time he came into contact with people of great wealth,—he mentions the Milbanks, the Rockefellers, and the Benedicts—people who also had high ideals and rendered splendid public service.

Still further, Greenwich *tested out his preaching powers* and gave him wings. His message, he confesses, was small in mass, but charged with the vitality of a personal experience. The people helped him by believing in him and his message, and he grew mightily.

Besides this, Greenwich, even at that time had a spirit of *progressive orthodoxy* that acted like a tonic to him. He says that the Connecticut of that day was more liberal, on the whole, than Massachusetts. He accounts for it largely, he says, through the life and ministry of the broad-minded Horace Bushnell of Hartford. This brave and free atmosphere gave vim to his preaching. He says that the church and congregation were with him, heart and soul, although even then he had discarded much of the standard orthodoxy of New England theology, and was cleaving out new paths of vital belief. He had given up the doctrines of verbal infallibility and eternal punishment, and was laying the emphasis on the great truths of essential Christianity, derived from a deep and free religious experience.

That a large congregation of "morally earnest men and women in this ideal parish—of the old, sturdy, high-bred, New England stock, men and women of unusual intelligence and character" to use his own words,—that these were willing to sustain him in his free but devout thinking and to support cordially his passion for *reality* in faith and practice,—even if his thought was largely denuded of all ecclesiastical authority,—this fact, that here in Greenwich he *found* himself as thinker and preacher, and felt a growing consciousness of the rightness and

worth of his convictions,—this was a great preparation for his coming trials at his installation at Boston, and for all the future growth and splendid consummation of his ministry at the Old South Church. In Greenwich, as he says, he proved that he had a gospel for his fellow-men and it gave him great joy. He became as a giant refreshed with new wine.

Dr. Gordon had much in his favor physically. He had a big brawny frame; bodily strength and vigor; and full, round voice, of good carrying quality. Some said that he looked like a Scotch prize-fighter, but he talked like an angel.

He had no music in his soul, he confesses, and could not appreciate the great work of the masters of music. He had no particular love for art or architecture, although he loved majesty and beauty.

But he did have a fine literary sense and a genius for words. He loved the classics of poetry, and often quoted from Dante, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning. He had a gift of literary interpretation, and some of his comments on religious poetry were admirably done. His greatest gift however, was his keen insight and his broad exposition of the vital philosophy of religion as the power and the wisdom of God.

Dr. Gordon himself writes of these days in Greenwich: "I began my ministry in Greenwich, Connecticut, on August 1, 1881, with a message small in mass, but charged with vitality of a personal experience from which it mainly came. I am obliged to confess that I look back with genuine respect to my ministry of nearly three years in Greenwich. It was wild, one-sided, in many ways immature; but it was a ministry of utter sincerity, and it went on as if by a hurricane of moral passion. It has been a perpetual comfort to me to reflect upon the power

of a few vital ideas, sincerely held and uttered, to awaken, organize, and lead forward in a life of worship and service a whole community."

Again he says—"The Second Congregational Church of Greenwich has always seemed to me one of the healthiest in its attitude toward its ministers. It has but one test. Does our preacher enlighten and help us in the great struggle of life? If he does this, he is orthodox, and we will stand by him against the world. Calling one day upon a venerable women who lived with her sons, this crumb of comfort was handed me. 'Eliphalet, how do you like the young minister?' 'Well; but, by George, Mother, he does whet a fellow up unaccountable.' "

"I learnt another thing," says Dr. Gordon, "that a rich man with attention to the subject could get an $8,000 horse taxed for a value of $100, while a thoughtless young minister, whose horse cost him $175, was taxed at that value. This young minister became a political protestant at once, had the tax reduced, and henceforth was not regarded as so much of a fool as he had formerly been."

Dr. Gordon loved Greenwich and loved to revisit here, and dreaming of it in his last years he writes:

"Greenwich is beautiful for situation, particularly from the Second Congregational Church and the parsonage near it. The church structure is one of the finest between New York and Boston, standing on the highest elevation on the shore at any point between these cities; it is beautiful in its proportions, lifting its spire, in my time, two hundred and twelve feet in the air, and now, since it has been rebuilt, two hundred and seventeen feet. It is to me an effective witness of the character of the men and women by whose love and self-sacrifice it was erected, a witness of the pride and devotion of those who guard its life today. The tides of toil and fashion ebb and

THE SPIRE FROM MILBANK GATE

flow at its base; the generations may come and go but there it stands, the symbol of man's origin and home in God."

"From the windows of the parsonage," says Dr. Gordon, "looking eastward to the sea, there was Long Island Sound, where of a summer evening as many as six steamers might be seen going or coming from their ports of clearance to their ports of entry; a symphony on the placid waters, a movement in the peace and beauty of nature, whose burden was humanity and the service of humanity. From my study window, looking westward, the impressive sight was the principal village graveyard, transfigured in the sunset, the radiant heavenly visitation of the hallowed dust of God's servants who had finished the work given them to do. Those sunset hours are an ineffaceable memory, and the splendid pageant of planets and stars that followed. Those windows of the little parsonage had outlooks over the face of the earth and up into the infinite spaces, and they taught this young minister that the Gospel that he was set to preach was for all mankind and that it came out of the mind and heart of the Absolute Soul."

Dr. Gordon gave this substantial tribute—"I have never know a church better organized than this Greenwich Church. It ran of its own accord; the consequence was that I was left free to study, to prepare for my pulpit, and to cultivate the friendship of my people."

He wrote that to him "Greenwich was an ideal parish for a young minister. The old, sturdy, high-bred New England stock predominated, and the community was composed of men and women of unusual intelligence and character, free in their thinking and with a passion for reality in faith and practice. There were many families of merit, a few of extraordinary character, and all the people had the capacity for high and enduring friendship.

I was their minister for only two years and eight months, yet, because I had lived in their life intensely and with great happiness, the whole community rewarded me with the noblest sort of friendship. Here in the changing loveliness of nature, in the character of the people, in the kind of service required of me was a position as near to the ideal as one could wish in this world."

And all this he wrote, after living and serving for nearly forty years in the cultured centre of Boston. It speaks well for Greenwich.

Judge Hubbard recalls some incidents of Dr. Gordon's life here, in his fine volume on "Other Days in Greenwich," (p. 111) and we may recall this one about the final days in Greenwich.

"Dr. Gordon had come back to Greenwich to take part in the installation of one of his successors. He was the same Gordon after 30 years, but more matured, as the Judge comments. He spoke feelingly of the other days, but nothing he said had more pathos and love in it than his allusion to a roll of paper among his revered treasures. Tied with a blue ribbon, the paper once white, but now yellow with time, contained six hundred and fifty signatures of those who urgently asked him to remain their pastor when he was called to Boston. Many of these were now old men, some had gone to their reward. And turning to the new pastor, he said: 'There is the same fountain of loyalty and love here as there was thirty years ago.'" He found love and loyalty here in Greenwich and he gave it in full measure from his great heart.

RARE VOLUMES ON EXHIBIT

FROM THE GREENWICH PRESS

The Bay Psalm Book, Cromwell's Soldier Bible, Queen Elizabeth's prayer book and scores of other rare volumes, with such curiosities as the largest and smallest Bibles in the world and rare illuminated manuscripts were contained in an exhibit in the Memorial Chapel of the Second Congregational Church in connection with the celebration this week of the church's 225th anniversary. The exhibit has been made possible through the private collections of the pastor, Dr. Oliver Huckel, and of his parishioners.

A feature of the exhibit Monday afternoon, the open-day of the exhibit, were the early town records of Greenwich, with the original records of the purchase of Greenwich in 1640 from the Indians. This feature was made possible through the courtesy of Town Clerk Henry P. Crawford and was in charge of his daughter, Miss Marion Crawford.

The famous Bay Psalm Book, an early Puritan hymn book, was loaned by Carleton T. Bradley. Then there are old singing books used by the church about 1820. Bradford's History, usually called "The Log of the Mayflower," is another interesting feature. Other features of the exhibit follow:

The Jefferson Bible, made by President Thomas Jefferson and called by him "The Morals of Jesus."

Ancient books on witchcraft in New England and elsewhere.

Connecticut Journal, published at New Haven, and dated March 31, 1779, with extracts from General Israel Putnam's letter dated March 2, 1779, pertaining to his skirmish with the British here loaned by Dr. Hyde.

"The Dance of Death," a popular book of our ancestors.

The famous George Whitefield's sermons, the same great English evangelist who visited Greenwich in 1740.

Sermons by Hugh Latimer, martyr, London, 1609.

"Gulliver's Travels," London, 1726, an early edition with maps of the countries imagined.

Robert Herrick's poems, "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers," Pickering, London, 1846.

"Pilgrim's Progress," by John Bunyan, with cover made of oak from Bunyan's church at Elstow.

Luther's "Commentary on Galatians," an epoch-making book of 1580.

"The Fairy Queen," dedicated to Queen Elizabeth by the famous Edmund Spenser, London, 1617.

Geoffrey Chaucer's poems, containing the "Canterbury Tales," etc., London, 1687, all in black letter, very early edition.

Dante's "Vita Nuova" (The New Life), Venice, 1865.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's famous dictionary, London, 1755, second edition.

Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," a famous book in olden days.

"Biblia Pauperum" (Bible of the Poor), printed first in 1350 A. D. on blocks, no type, a facsimile, property of Dr. Huckel.

Gothic Anglo-Saxon, Wycliffe and Tyndale's versions.

Early children's book, 1830.

King Alfred's translation, "Consolations of Philosophy," Oxford, 1698, a very rare copy.

Erasmus' "Paraphrase on the Gospels," black letter, printed in 1598 by English refugees at Basle, Switzerland, property of Dr. Huckel.

Beza New Testament in Greek and Latin.

Books written by ministers of the church, including Dr. Huckel and the late Dr. George A. Gordon, formerly pastor of the Old South Church, Boston.

Music book for Romen mass, Antwerp, 1602, famous Plantin-Moretus press.

"Book of the Mass," Missale Romanum, 1650, from the same press.

King Edward VII's prayer book, with beautiful type and binding and most modern, property of Dr. Huckel.

French Bible of 1712, printed at Amsterdam.

First Bible printed in America, in 1763, by Christopher Sauer, of Germantown, Philadelphia, in German.

Fox's "Book of Martyrs," London, 1741.

A cut of old London Bridge with its shops.

Ephrata's "Martyr Book" (Ephrata in Penn.), printed before the Revolution.

Fox's "Book of Martyrs," bound in cow, not calf, a Protestant Reformation book, property of Dr. Huckel.

An ancient "History of Holy Jesus," 1644.

Drawings for the New Testament, by Albert Durer, of Nuremberg.

Bida Bible, in two volumes, illustrated by etchings.

Apocryphal New Testament.

Famous Nuremberg Chronicle, 1493, just before America was discovered, loaned by Henry Fletcher.

Tissot's Bible, illustrated by colored drawings by the French artist, Tissot, three volumes.

"Book of Martyrs," black letter, 1588.

St. Jerome's Vulgate, whole Bible in Latin.

Hebrew Old Testament and Greek New Testament in one volume, beginning at different ends.

Delftshaven Bible in Dutch, from the church from which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed in 1620, property of Dr. Huckel.

Nuremberg Bible, 1701, with ornate metal bosses.

Luther's Bible in German.

Genevan or Breeches Bible.

Church Antiphon, about 1400, parchment (sheepskin), Gregorian music, square notes, from Nuremberg.

Parchment of King George IV of England.

Largest Bible in the world, printed in Dutch in Leyden by the famous Elzevir, 1633.

"Studies in the Epistles of Paul," bound in pigskin, embossed, "best seller" of 1521, property of Henry Fletcher.

Famous Baskerville Press "Book of Prayers," bound in vellum, Cambridge, 1762.

Erasmus' New Testament in Greek, bound in parchment, 1550.

"A Book of Modern Hours," illuminated on vellum by Dr. Huckel.

Smallest Bible in the world and the Finger New Testament, smallest in the world, property of Dr. Huckel.

"Book of Hours," date about 1425, prayers and scripture for the canonical hours of prayer, illuminated in color and gold.

"Psalterium," "Book of Psalms," illuminated and written about 1370 by the monks, on vellum, bound in Italian pigskin, embossed, property of Dr. Huckel.

Oldest printed Magna Charta, 1587, in English, old French and Latin, Sir Richard Congreve's copy.

Cromwell's Soldier Bible, possibly facsimile, texts about war and soldiers, buttoned under the doublet over the heart of every soldier, property of Dr. Huckel.

Queen Elizabeth's prayer book, as printed in her reign, facsimile, property of Dr. Huckel.

Another Bay Psalm Book, a New England Primar, and some rare children's books of other days were loaned by Dr. Harriet Hyde.

Several other fine books of early printing, besides those mentioned, came from the private library of Henry Fletcher.

Another Indian deed to the lands at Mead's Point were shown one afternoon by Mrs. Frank V. Reynolds.

Several books by former pastors were exhibited, loaned by Miss Susan H. Mead.

Some quaint singing books, once owned by the late George H. Mills, were loaned by Winfield S. Mills. A small chain Bible was loaned by the Pastor.

A brilliant page of illuminated manuscripts done by Angelo Rassu of Greenwich was loaned by the artist. Five illuminated volumes on parchment or vellum graced the collections.

The various show-tables were labeled thus: Books and Pamphlets about Early Greenwich, Books about Early New England, Favorite Reading of Our Forefathers, Ancient Prayer Books, Early Bibles in Greek, Latin and Hebrew, Early New Testaments in Various Languages, Illuminated Books, Bibles of Other Religions, Printed Books by Our Pastors.

Also included in the exhibit were photographs of former pastors, including Dr. Isaac Lewis, 1786-1819; Rev. Joel H. Linsley, D. D., 1847-1863; Rev. Frederick G. Clark, D. D., 1867-1871; and Rev. Walter M. Barrows, 1898-1899.

Epilogue

THE MEETING HOUSE ON THE HILL

BY KATHLEEN HEYBURN SMITH

COURTESY OF THE GREENWICH PRESS

Greenwich, in the year 1705, awakens with the dawn filtering through its forests of scarlet and bronze. It is Sunday. Lights glow in the windows of the farmhouses squatting in the clearings. From the big, square, stone chimneys whisps of smoke drift lazily. Inside there is a steady pacing to and fro as of people stirring to a common task.

The sun climbs higher, enwrapping the moist trees in a golden haze of light and color. Birds call their good mornings to their neighbors. Chipmunks and squirrels frisk from limb to limb. Wild turkeys, strutting warily in the undergrowth salute the new day in accents loud and voluble.

And now the heavy door-bolts are withdrawn. The people pass from their houses to form a little procession upon the yard-wide trail that meanders through the thick woods.

They move off, this little body of broad-hatted, knee-trousered men, and simply clad women — move off in solemn step.

The foot-road grows steeper, curves, and circles to the

crest of a large knoll. In the middle of the knoll, hedged in by giant button balls and maples, stands a new meeting house—a tiny, white church, unadorned save for its leafy girdle of red and brown.

Quietly the people enter and take their places. Reverend Joseph Morgan, the pastor, plunges into his sermon. He is no economist of time, this preacher, when he is expounding the doctrines of his church. At noon the service is broken by a frugal meal. Only when the sun's shadows reach long black fingers into the encircling gloom does he see fit to dismiss them. Then, deliberately as they had come the villagers wend their way homeward underneath the purpling foliage.

Thus one Sunday follows another. And all during this time life around the church moves onward. More people come and settle in the community; additional clearings eat their way into the forest primeval; along the widening foot-road the post carrier rides twice monthly, thereby linking the villagers with those of the adjoining colonies. And so a generation passes.

Again it is Sunday morning. The twelve-foot road that was once the yard-wide trail, is dotted with a moving column of people. Some are a-foot, but many more are mounted, the menfolk in the saddle, the women and children behind. How different from the morning—that Sunday morning of twenty-seven years ago! Different in one sense; alike in another. For now, as then, that moving column is ruled by the same impulse, bound for the same plot of ground. But the little white meeting house is no more. In its place stands a larger structure adorned with a belfry. And this the morning set aside for its dedication.

The years come, and the years go. The tide of the Revolution flows in and out. Peace comes again to the land. The way to the meeting house now bears the name —Post Road. The church, embowered in a wilderness of

crimson and gold, arrests the eye of a passing traveller. He stops his horse and alights for a longer view. With bared head this traveller stands, and drinks of the beauty of the picture—the church, set amid the wild splendor of the woodland. For half an hour, perhaps, he lingers with the scene. And then he is off again toward Boston. The traveller is General Washington.

The autumnal beauty fades. Winter envelops the land with its white cloak. One season replaces another. The years add up to 1799. And again it is Sunday. Along the Post Road a gray cloud of dust arises. A puff of wind brushes it aside, and discloses in its midst a line of rolling carriages. And like the little band of faithful villagers in 1705, and all those of the years succeeding, the people in carriages are journeying to the church. Amid the leafless grove the white meeting house awaits their coming. It is a new one. The occupants alight. The church fills with the parishioners. Dedication services begin.

Time flows on, and each of its tides brings in an additional quota to the white meeting house upon the hill. But time is also a remorseless combatant of man's handicraft; each of time's children, the years, wages ceaseless warfare against his work. And the white meeting house suffers with the rest.

In the year 1856 the men of the parish assemble to discuss plans for the erection of a new edifice. In this gathering is one who desires above all else to see arise on this consecrated plot of ground a structure that will withstand the inroads of time and the weather. He is Robert Williams Mead. Strong is the opposition to his proposal, the majority holding that the fund in hand is not sufficient. But Mr. Mead brushes aside all objection with one magnificent gesture. Mr. Mead, although not a contractor, agrees to take the contract for the construction of the new building. He is given permission to proceed, and when

the church fund is exhausted, finishes the work with money of his own.

Seventy-three years have marched into the campground of Time Past since that memorable session. Sunday dawns again—a May Sunday in the year 1930. The Post Road, the yard-wide trail of old, sweeps its concrete way through the heart of the town, Automobiles whizz up and down its table-smooth surface. And on the wooded knoll where once rested the little white meeting house, guarded only by the leafy sentinels of the forest, there now rises a beautiful, vine-wrapped edifice of stone —the fourth and last of the meeting houses, the Second Congregational Church of Greenwich. The tapering body that is the spire thrusts its gray tip far up into the blue like a finger pointing heaven-ward.

The sun-rayed fingers of the spire clock mark the hour for service. Automobiles purr up and stop without the entrance. Men and women step out, and pass underneath the arched doorway.

Behind the pulpit, the chancel, cool, high, unframed, blending the sunrise colors gold and red and blue, lifts a radiant glow to the incoming throng. In it are all the wondrous colors of God—the colors of the fields, of the sea—colors of the sky and the glory of the sun. Softly the organ peals, blending its colors of tone with the radiant hues of the chancel.

Hark, ye! The voice of the present pastor. The pastor's lips are moving in prayer—a supplication to God and the Christ. The people listen reverently.

And thus through the ages, Sunday morning after Sunday morning for 225 years, have the people of the Pilgrim faith of Greenwich come to this sacred spot to offer their praises and prayers to God. Time and progress have removed all traces of the three white meeting houses. But their site, the wooded knoll where the first handful came

to worship—the site consecrated by that tiny procession of sober-clad men and women remains the same.

Always they have clung to it. Ay, as though it were a priceless heritage. And might it not be called a heritage? It is a divine birthright,—a heritage from God.

The
Old
Church
Tells
Her
Story